

# Américas

## **THE WOMEN'S VOTE IN COSTA RICA**

Buenos Aires,  
**HUB OF  
THE ARGENTINE**

## **THE TREACHEROUS FARALLONES**

Mysterious islands off  
the Golden Gate

The double life of a  
**PULLMAN PARSON**  
in Mexico

**25**  
cents

Obelisk in Buenos Aires  
commemorates 400th anniversary  
of Argentine capital  
(see page 12)





# Américas

Volume 7, Number 6  
June 1955

published in English, Spanish, and Portuguese

## CONTENTS

Page	
2	ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT
3	THE WOMEN'S VOTE IN COSTA RICA Ruth Brownlow Blandford
8	PULLMAN PARSON John M. Hennessy
12	HUB OF THE ARGENTINE Ulises Petit de Murat
17	AARON COPLAND'S VISION OF AMERICA Juan Orrego Salas
22	THE DOG AND THE SHADOW (A short story) Augusto Roa Bastos
26	THE TREACHEROUS FARALLONES Curtis M. Wilson
31	OAS FOTO FLASHES
32	A WORD WITH HUMBERTO VALENZUELA
33	OAS BIRTHDAY PARTY
34	POINTS OF VIEW
38	BOOKS
	A SEA OF STORIES Paulo Rónai
	BOOK NOTES
42	EMBASSY ROW
43	KNOW YOUR COLONIAL NEIGHBORS? (Part I)
43	GRAPHICS CREDITS
43	THE OAS ON THE AIR
44	LETTERS TO THE EDITORS
	CONTRIBUTORS (Inside Back Cover)

### Published by

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Subscription rate of AMERICAS: \$3.00 a year, \$5.00 for two years, \$7.00 for three years, for the English, Spanish, or Portuguese edition in the United States and Canada. Add \$1.00 extra for postage to countries outside the Postal Union of the Americas and Spain. Single copies 25¢. Address orders to Publications and Distribution Division, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C. For information on microfilms of AMERICAS, address University Microfilms, 313 N. First Street, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

## Dear Reader

The Pan American Gift Shop has opened its doors for business, offering the public distinctive, authentic handicrafts from the lands to the south. Located in the main building of the Pan American Union, this staff-inspired and staff-engineered project is set up with a capital of fifty thousand dollars as the Pan American Cooperative, Incorporated. It pays stockholders annual dividends of up to 6 per cent on their shares, if earnings warrant it, and rebates on their purchases. Shares were also offered, and are still available, to certain outsiders. Thus, there are members with Latin American interests in the U.S. Department of Commerce, Pan American Sanitary Bureau, and local Pan American societies. Something of the high hopes held for the shop is demonstrated by those who invested as much as five hundred dollars apiece in the stock selling at ten dollars per share.

Open weekdays from nine to five-thirty, and on Saturdays from nine to one, it is staffed by several saleswomen and a manager, Mr. Sam S. Gold, under the direction of the Cooperative's board. Merchandise imported from all over the Americas is offered for sale at reasonable prices: women's wear, straw products, textiles, woodcarvings, leather goods, ceramics, tinware, jewelry, silverware, and cigars. There are items that sell for as little as ten cents (dolls and straw goods, for instance) and for as much as \$150 (beautiful hand-twisted Ecuadorian rugs). Precious stones from exotic regions of the Hemisphere will be offered for as much as three hundred dollars each with one year's guarantee. A mail-order service is being set up, and the shop will take special orders and attempt to secure rare, individual items from all the OAS member countries. Purchases can be gift-wrapped and mailed anywhere in the world.

As we go to press, business at the end of the first month is humming. Merchandisers of Latin American products are urged to help Mr. Gold build his stock. Readers are invited to drop in when they visit Washington or to write to the Pan American Gift Shop, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D.C., when looking for unusual gifts.

THE EDITORS.



Opposite: Detail from The Dawn-Donor, oil by Roberto Matta of Chile

# ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

## LURE FOR PRIVATE INVESTORS

As businessmen from both Latin America and the United States concluded at the recent foreign investment conference in New Orleans—and as high U.S. Government officials and the International Bank have also made clear—economic development of underdeveloped areas should not be based solely on public funds. To be really effective, it must win the help of private capital investment.

Creation of an International Finance Corporation specifically to encourage productive private enterprise came a step closer with the recent submission of its charter, drawn up by the International Bank, for action by the prospective member governments. The Bank itself can make loans to private borrowers only when they carry a government guarantee, which in effect has deterred both private enterprise and government sponsors from seeking funds for private projects. Moreover, the Bank can make only fixed-interest loans, and the establishment or expansion of a private business often requires venture capital as well.

The Finance Corporation will have an initial capital of one hundred million dollars, and Bank members will have the right (but not be required) to subscribe to it in proportion to their Bank stock holdings. Under this arrangement, the largest subscription would come from the United States—\$35,168,000—and the United Kingdom would be the next biggest stockholder with \$14,400,000. The eighteen Latin American members of the Bank would be entitled to subscribe in these amounts (U.S. dollars):

Bolivia	70,000	Guatemala	22,000
Brazil	1,168,000	Haiti	22,000
Chile	388,000	Honduras	11,000
Colombia	388,000	Mexico	720,000
Costa Rica	22,000	Nicaragua	9,000
Cuba	388,000	Panama	2,000
Dominican Republic	22,000	Paraguay	16,000
Ecuador	22,000	Peru	194,000
El Salvador	11,000	Venezuela	116,000

Obviously, the Finance Corporation is extremely modest compared to the Bank, whose paid-in capital comes to nearly two billion dollars (although most of that is in the members' national currencies and requires their consent for use in making loans), and which has raised nearly another billion by bond issues. So IFC will not be the major source of investment funds itself. It is primarily intended to stimulate and supplement private investment, rather than compete with it. When a business is looking for capital and technical skills abroad, the Corporation will seek foreign investors who could provide management experience as well as funds; or in the case of someone interested in setting up or expanding activities abroad, it would try to find local capital and partners in the country

where the business is to be located. It could put up some of the money itself, but would do so only if it could not be obtained elsewhere on reasonable terms and if private investors were contributing a fair share. While it will thus be a source of last-resort financing, the Corporation will serve as a clearing house to bring together investment opportunities, private funds, and experienced management. It will be empowered to invest in any kind of productive enterprise—agricultural, financial, or commercial—but the main emphasis will probably fall on industry.

When IFC does make investments, a government guarantee will not be required, and they need not be limited to fixed-interest loans. The Corporation will not be permitted to buy an actual share in a business through capital stock, but it can purchase other kinds of securities involving participation in profits, convertible into stock when the Corporation sells them. This will give it free rein to arrange the financing to fit the particular problem and help keep the Corporation's funds moving. The aim is to sell the securities representing its investments to private investors and make the Corporation's money available elsewhere. The fact that obligations may be converted into permanent stock should attract private buyers if the enterprises get off to a good start.

IFC will be affiliated with the International Bank to the extent that membership in the Bank will be required for membership in the Corporation, and the two organizations will share board members but will remain separate, and the Corporation is barred from borrowing from the Bank. In drawing up the charter, the views of the various governments were carefully considered, so general approval is expected. Their next step is to take whatever legislative or executive action is necessary for them to become members. President Eisenhower has already called for Congress to authorize U.S. participation. As soon as thirty governments representing at least 75 per cent of the authorized capital have signed up, IFC will be ready to go.

## STATISTICIANS TO MEET

All kinds of statistics and how to keep them will be discussed at the Third Inter-American Statistical Conference in Petrópolis, Brazil, June 9-22. A working group on economic and financial statistics will study agricultural, trade, balance of payments, industrial, public finance, and national income records, considering international recommendations and how they have been applied in the various countries. Another group will do the same thing for social and labor statistics, including housing, cost of living, social welfare, and educational data. A third working party will deal with statistical organization and administration, on both a national and an international scale. Group IV will concentrate on statistical education and sampling, and Group V on vital, health, and migration statistics.

The Conference will act as a specialized organ of the OAS. It will be preceded by meetings of special committees on improvement of national statistics (COINS) and on statistical education (CSE). Advantage will also be taken of the delegates' presence to hold sessions of the Executive Committee and Assembly of the permanent body, the Inter-American Statistical Institute.



# the women's --- vote --- in COSTA RICA

**HOW THEY USE  
THEIR NEW FRANCHISE**

**Ruth Brownlow Blandford**

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Costa Rica is a small country. It has twenty-three thousand square miles of coffee and bananas and green pastures and spectacular volcanoes and only 850,000 people; but its acres stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific and its ideas span the centuries to include the culture of Spanish ancestors as well as the democratic principles and practices of the twentieth-century free world.

For the women of Costa Rica, the Spanish protective tradition prevailed until the late 'forties. Back in 1920 when the women of the United States won the vote, the idea was only a whisper in Costa Rica. Women were protected. They were chaperoned. Their schooling stopped when they were "finished." Girls didn't go to college. Nursing wasn't a profession for "nice" girls. To be a lawyer or a doctor or a secretary was to be "queer." The one thing a woman could do other than or until marriage was teach. Hardly a woman could be found in all Costa Rica who wanted to vote.

Then in 1947 temporary political repression created an inner ferment that bubbled and seethed like a proper Costa Rican volcano until it erupted with a force that blew the top off restrictions and restored constitutional democracy to Costa Rica. When the smoke lifted, it was clear that the women would never again be ignored as a political force. They deserved the vote. They had earned the right not only by years of social and civic work, but by their militant share in the revolution. Suffrage for women was included as a matter of course in the new constitution of 1949. And they voted in the next election as if they had been doing it all their lives.

Much like the women in Emporia, Kansas, or Panama City or Quito, Ecuador, educated Costa Rican women are concerned with the problems of poverty, of education and health, of old ideas versus new, of women's rights and taxes and living costs. Of particular interest to other women—to those of Colombia, for instance, who have just won suffrage, and of the United States, who have voted for thirty-four years—is the question, How have the women of Costa Rica used their new freedom?

The answer, to put it concretely, is three very active members of the Legislative Assembly, elected in 1953 at the first national election under the new constitution: Estela Quesada, a teacher and former president of the National Teachers Association; María Teresa Obregón de Dengo, a former teacher; and Ana Rosa Chacón, a retired teacher and long-time feminist leader. At the same time a dozen women were elected to membership in municipal councils in different parts of Costa Rica. The male colleagues of one, dynamic Mrs. Juanita de Quesada, elected her president of the council of San Pedro de Montes de Oca, new home of the University of Costa Rica.

These women, however, are the first to say that their jobs are incidental to the broader purposes of suffrage. During the very democratic and therefore very intense and sometimes bitter campaign for the 1953 presidency, the newly enfranchised Costa Ricans stumped the land from one end to the other, traveling by train, bus, plane, and ferry. They made speeches by day and by

night, in town halls and in village squares. Women from the towns and villages and farms came to listen, eager to learn how to vote; campaigners from all parties told them not only how but why, and for whom. "We encouraged them," Miss Chacón says, "to think for themselves and to decide, regardless of husbands and families, upon the principles they believed in and then to vote for the candidate who could best serve them."

In one case, both a father and his daughter were candidates for election to a county convention that was to choose delegates to the national convention, where party candidates would be nominated. Both won, but the county convention chose the daughter to go to the national convention.

More slowly women are being appointed to executive posts in the government. Mrs. Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos has gone to London as Minister Plenipotentiary; other women are serving in consular posts around the world. Miss Elsa Orozco, who was a member of the Costa Rican delegation to the 1954 General Assembly of the United Nations, has been appointed to the board of directors of the National Housing and City Planning Institute. Mrs. María Lilia Montejo, formerly an alternate UN delegate, is now Second Secretary on the staff of the permanent delegation. For a brief time Miss Emma Gamboa, dean of the University of Costa Rica School of Education, was Minister of Education. "It was really an honorary appointment," the attractive, dark-eyed Miss Gamboa told me as she extricated herself from a vociferous mob in the patio outside her office (that day the school was voting for its candidate for Queen of the University, and she was trying to bring peace to an excited student body). "But it did show the government's good intentions. I had held the post of undersecretary for some time." By the vagaries of politics she is back in her job as dean, having belonged to the previous, but also post-revolution, administration of President Otilio Ulate.

Dean Gamboa is interested not so much in rights for women as such as in the welfare of her country as a whole. "But the women," she says, "are a potent influence. They may not all take an active part in day-by-day politics, but let our values be threatened, and they will rise up spontaneously to defend them. If a danger to our country were to show itself tomorrow, the women—unorganized though they are—would be mobilized within two days. They did it in 1947 and they would do it again."

She was referring to their historic one-day sit-down strike in 1947, which showed the men they had solid backing in what was still a peaceful revolt. For more than half a century Costa Rica had enjoyed a stable government with genuinely democratic standards, and the strike was called against an administration that had used what the strikers considered unlawful methods to keep itself in power. For four years they had lived under a government that they firmly believed had taken over power illegally by miscounting the ballots. So with a new election coming, they united to insist that it be conducted in the traditional free and honest way and

that the ballots be counted not by the party in office but by the legal Electoral Tribunal. On the morning of August 2, the day of Costa Rica's patron saint, the word was passed from ear to ear and eight thousand women gathered in the Cathedral in San José. They assembled quietly, each carrying a small white flag, and they knelt in a common prayer for peace. Then in spontaneous protest, unorganized but orderly, they began their march eight abreast to the Presidential Palace. The marchers were women from every walk of life. Wives of former presidents walked side by side with servant girls; teachers, business women, and housewives, some in stylish finery, some in simple house dresses, marched with a single purpose and a common idea.

At one o'clock they stopped outside the Presidential



*Formerly a male stronghold, Costa Rica's Legislative Assembly in San José now numbers three women elected to its fold*

Palace and sent a delegation to President Teodoro Picado. He received the delegation and the demands but made no response. So the women sat down and waited. They had agreed not to talk or shout, but they had made no promises about singing. So they sang the national anthem, then other patriotic songs, their own and those of other countries. At six o'clock the daily August rains began. Surrounded now by police, they were isolated from husbands and sons. At eight o'clock Father Núñez, then head of *Rerum Novarum*, a Catholic labor movement, was allowed through the lines with sandwiches and coffee. Some of the women had gone home by now to look after their children. But at least a thousand remained, still an impressive number. Finally at ten o'clock word came that the government had agreed to their demands and that they should go home.

Satisfied, they started to disperse. But by that time a new set of guards had been sent out to surround them—

Once jailed for her political beliefs, Congresswoman Ana Rosa Chacón, shown here chatting with dentist Manuel Antonio Mora R., is a former physical education teacher



"we had converted too many of the earlier ones"—and in a moment of aberration somebody ordered the police to fire on the women. The guards, the women say, must have been drunk; otherwise, no Costa Rican would have obeyed such an order. But for half an hour pandemonium reigned. No one was killed, few were injured; but as they went to their homes that midnight, the women knew they had won their victory.

The next day the President, through the newspapers, granted all that the women had been asking for. Still not trustful, they demanded in writing the firm promise that the Electoral Tribunal and not the party in power would count the ballots and certify the election. They got that too, signed by key members of the Legislative Assembly. But when the election came and the voters rejected the administration candidate, Rafael Calderón Guardia, electing Otilio Ulate President, the Legislative Assembly—which was controlled by the defeated party—overturned the voters' choice on grounds of fraud and annulled the elections. That was when José Figueres and his followers retired to the hills and started the revolution; six weeks later, a provisional government was set up under Figueres that was to install Ulate in his



Miss Emma Gamboa, Minister of Education for a brief time, is now dean of the School of Education of the University of Costa Rica in San José

rightful post as President and set the machinery in motion for the new constitution giving the women the vote.

During these weeks of revolution the women, with most of their men in jail or in the hills fighting, raised money for families left stranded, for propaganda work,

and for arms. Needing desperately to get news of activities in the field to those trapped in the city, a few intrepid souls started a clandestine bulletin. People wondered how the papers found their way to homes and offices all over town; they appeared mysteriously under doorways, in milk bottles, on desks, on the seats of busses and cars. But the women didn't wonder. Where did they carry the secret bulletins for what came to be known as the "milk run"? Where else but inside their brassieres! They laugh about it today, but they are more determined than ever to keep the democracy they fought for and won.

Dean Gamboa had said they would do it again if necessary. Sure enough, during the brief dispute of January 1955 between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, a re-



When President José Figueres of Costa Rica (center) took office, Congresswoman Teresa Obregón de Dengo took part in ceremony

cruiting center for women was opened in San José. They did everything except fight: clerical tasks, Red Cross work, civil defense; they helped social workers of the Board of Civil Defense to look after families of soldiers and cared for the wounded. If they had daytime jobs, they did volunteer work at night. It wasn't easy. Teams were organized to cook for the volunteer students, bank clerks, and workers who were being trained into soldiers—Costa Rica has no regular army, only a police force. If the stoves in improvised barracks were inadequate, the women cooked over smoky open fires on a few bricks. One such home-front team consisted typically of two university graduates, two high-school teachers, a couple of housewives, a janitress, and a waitress.

The three women deputies are finding the realities of political office enlightening and challenging. Mrs. Quesada was elected second secretary of the Assembly, to call the roll, record the votes, and so on when the forty-five deputies take their places at three-thirty every afternoon to debate national issues. A teacher from Alajuela, Mrs. Quesada is young and energetic. In her spare time she is studying law; her particular interest is in the field of labor. When she was president of the fairly new National Teachers Association, she was active



in securing for her fellow teachers a 60 per cent increase in salary.

A widow for many years, Mrs. Teresa Obregón de Dengo has brought up her daughter and three sons while carrying on in her own and her husband's field—teaching in the Normal School in Heredia, of which he had been head. She was quite naturally given a post on the Education Committee. For years she was also active in the feminist movement, but now, like her two colleagues, she is likely to put the rights of women second to the fulfillment of her party's campaign promises and to the accomplishment of reforms that will benefit all.

All three deputies admit that baptism into the rough-and-tumble of democratic politics is a bit hard at times. Equality was what they asked for, so the opposition often treats them harshly. The women stick by their guns and are content to wait. They have learned that in the practical world of politics they must not insist on too fast a recognition.

So while other old-time feminist leaders and an opportunistic opposition party cried "traitor," the women deputies refused to be trapped into advocacy of a provision, in a thoroughly debated bill to set up a national housing and planning institute, requiring the presence of a woman on its board. That, said the women deputies, was not necessary: there was no provision to keep women off the board, and if a woman were qualified, she would be appointed without its being written into the law. They knew, perhaps, that such a legal provision would be almost impossible to secure in an Assembly of forty-two men and three women. But that did not keep them from seeing to it that a woman was appointed to the board.

Most of today's women political leaders have come from the ranks of that stand-by of women the world around, the teaching profession. All three women deputies have been teachers. Miss Ana Rosa Chacón, a veteran of the feminist movement, taught physical culture in the San José High School for Girls for twenty-four years. In 1940 she resigned her teaching post (teachers being employees of the government) and went into the commercial world in order to be completely free to express her political opinions and to work for them. For three years at one stretch she had no job at all and no income except a small pension from her teaching years. It was during these years, she says, that "the seed was sown."

In 1943 she began to work among women, the poor, the rich, the working, the idle. Miss Chacón has the distinction of having been jailed in 1946 along with a hundred men in an abortive attempt to force the government to adhere to constitutional safeguards. She spent only from two A.M. until six in jail, and after presenting her case to the President was offered his official car and an escort to see her home. She refused. She preferred to walk.

Her years as a teacher, Miss Chacón says, gave her an insight into the minds of women that was invaluable in organizing her work. It also gave her a wide acquaintance among the women, many of them her former



*Social worker Pilar Madrigal Nieto organized group that chooses Costa Rica's Woman of the Year each August*

*Teacher Elsa Orozco, active in Costa Rican women's affairs, is former UN delegate, member of influential organizations*



*Mrs. Estela Quesada, a lawyer and Second Secretary of the Costa Rican Congress, is particularly interested in labor*



*Appointed to executive post in government is Mrs. Virginia Prestinary de Gallegos, Costa Rican Minister to London*

students. And her earlier political activities gave her experience that proved a gold mine to her party when in 1953 she took the stump for José Figueres and his National Liberation Party. Not until the very end of the campaign did her name enter the lists as a possible candidate for the Assembly. Her specific assignment there is on the Foreign Relations Committee, but her interests are all-encompassing. She campaigned for certain things, and in her book campaign promises are to be worked out with the least possible delay.

One of the most outstanding women leaders is Mrs. Angela Acuña de Chacón, a woman lawyer who is first and foremost a feminist. She is the sister-in-law and good friend of Ana Rosa Chacón, but at the moment her political opponent. As early as 1913 Mrs. de Chacón presented herself at the all-male School of Law in San José and asked for permission to enroll. The men welcomed her, and after six years of study and a few gaps, she emerged in 1925 the first woman lawyer in Central America. It was not until 1938 that a second joined her ranks.



Starting in 1914 with a slow and prudent campaign to educate both men and women to the idea of suffrage for women, she edited a magazine, *Figaro*. "You asked me if people disapproved of me," she recalls with a chuckle. "They said I was mad." Nothing daunted, she kept right on and in 1923 formed the first Feminist League in Costa Rica, with seven courageous members.

From then on, every two years without fail Mrs. de Chacón presented to the Legislative Assembly a petition asking that women be granted the vote. Meanwhile, she married, brought up a daughter, taught Spanish at the University of California, organized a branch of the Pan American Round Table in Costa Rica, and was her country's first representative to the Inter-American Commission of Women. She has just finished a book on four centuries of women in Costa Rica. In the 1953 election she was a candidate of the National Union Party for a seat in the Legislative Assembly, and lost. But she did not lose her interest in the rights of women. "Our rights," she says firmly, "are too new to be taken for granted. We should insist that they be spelled out."

Outside the political field, though keenly interested in it, other women continue the volunteer social work that has been a vital part of their lives and of the life of their country for many years. Although as yet there are no business women's clubs or university women's organizations, there are many groups of women devoted to various charities. To bring them together into some kind of cooperative effort, Miss Pilar Madrigal Nieto, assistant manager of a furniture-manufacturing firm, has organized a branch of the Union of American Women, in which eleven organizations join together every August to choose the Costa Rican Woman of the Year.

The 1954 choice was inevitably Esther Silva. No Costa Rican would have to be told who she is or why she was chosen. She spent thirty-five years of her life as a teacher and as director of the San José primary schools and has spent another thirty-five in retirement from teaching duties but far from retirement in any other sense. During all these years, with only her salary or her pension as resources, she has helped countless students of hers and their children and grandchildren to further their education, even to the extent of furnishing funds for study abroad.

Until crippled recently by arthritis, Miss Silva was in the forefront of the rights-for-women campaign and politically active. Now confined to her home, she receives a constant stream of visitors and occupies her spare time in studying world affairs, astronomy, and mathematics. Last year some pupils of former pupils of hers, hearing that she regretted not having learned trigonometry, offered to give her lessons. So for a time eighteen taught eighty-eight in a gay flurry of adult education.

Miss Silva's eyesight and hearing are as good as the day she saw and heard the first railway train come to San José to frighten the timid and the superstitious, who thought it came from the devil. Her humor, too, is unfaded, and no group that calls upon her goes away unrewarded by a lively conversation. When asked the usual

question as to what she thinks of the younger generation, she said with a twinkle that she'd better not say.

Among those who believe that women must be alert to avoid the danger of slipping backward and to push the reforms they believe will keep both women and Costa Rica free is Miss Elsa Orozco. In addition to her duties on the board of directors of the National Housing and City Planning Institute, she finds time for volunteer activities between two full-time jobs—teaching English at the Girls High School in the mornings and at the University of Costa Rica in the afternoons. Also, she is director of the university summer school. And when war came again in 1955, she headed the recruiting service for women. "But I wish you wouldn't mention it. There were so many capable women helping that I feel it would be a grave injustice not to mention them all."

An active party member, Miss Orozco is second vice president of the women's committee of the National Liberation Party, the party now in office. Her concern is to see that women are educated politically and that they prepare themselves for the responsibilities of suffrage. "Women should take their place in all fields of government," she says, "for important as law-making is, administering the laws is equally vital. It won't be long before plenty of women will be available for high posts. Our women have not had the training or the time to gain the experience and knowledge necessary for the responsibility of administrative jobs. But they learn fast."

Miss Orozco is also acting president of the coordinating committee in Costa Rica for the Inter-American Commission of Women, one of the specialized agencies of the Organization of American States. On this committee forty-seven women represent the various organizations and clubs of San José to encourage women's clubs and individuals to promote the welfare and the rights of women. They urge recognition for women because they are qualified and not just because they are women. Asked to investigate the case of a woman who claimed she was dismissed from her civil-service job because of her sex, the committee studied the case carefully, collected all the facts, and decided she had been dismissed for just cause. They dropped the case.

With all this preoccupation with politics and government, Costa Rica has never forgotten its cultural heritage. Even in the smaller towns and villages the traditional folk dances and songs are kept alive; on fiesta days boys and girls dance the *Punto Guanacasteco* and take part in the *Retreta* (round and round the plaza, boys one way, girls the other), just as their ancestors did from 1530 on. But in 1955 there is a difference. After the fiesta the girls and women put away their colorful costumes and go back to their *Vogue*-inspired dresses and late-style hair-dos, back to their jobs as nurses or lawyers or teachers or dentists or secretaries, back to their studies (50 per cent of the students at the university are women); they go back to their demands for better schools, better health, and better living conditions; above all, they go back to their watchful nursing of their country's democratic ideals. ♦ ♦ ♦

# PULLMAN

## *The double life of Pedro Vázquez of Mexico*

John M. Hennessy

FROM THE CLUB CAR at the rear, I watched the red-and-gold diesel locomotive of the Mexican National Railways train No. 8 curve its way slowly from the El Paso, Texas, station across the Rio Grande and into Juárez. It was March 1954. The tourist season was under way, and the train was three-quarters filled with North Americans, many of whom were entering the country for the first time—as was I. The confusing ordeal of customs over with, I settled back to enjoy the long journey to Mexico City. To my surprise, the twelve hundred miles ahead proved to be one of the shortest rail trips I have ever experienced.

Shortly after we left Juárez, a quiet voice asked, "May I have your fare, please?" At my elbow was a short, bespectacled, stoop-shouldered man with the familiar "Pullman" inscription on his cap. He smiled. That in itself was an innovation. I had become accustomed to being treated as a smuggler by customs officials and with complete indifference by other border officers. I smiled back. My eyes were attracted to the eight service bars that climbed halfway up his left arm. Forty years with the Pullman company! I pointed to the bars and commented on them. He glanced at them proudly and then spoke again in perfect English. "Yes, I am sixty-nine years old now and will soon have to retire. Then I can get on with my real work." My curiosity aroused, I was thus introduced to Pedro Vázquez, conductor.

Some hours later I was ambling aimlessly up and down the aisle during a particularly long stretch of colorless terrain, when I came across our conductor sitting quietly at a table at the end of the car, reading a small Spanish Testament. He glanced up, invited me to join him in the opposite seat, and replaced the book in his pocket.

"You, uh, read your Bible regularly?" I began lamely. It seemed strange for a railroad man, or anyone for that matter, to read the Bible openly while on duty. I ex-



*During the week, pastor Pedro Vázquez (right) works as Pullman conductor to help meet expenses of his churches*

pected an embarrassed stammer or an attempt to convert me. Instead, he replied quite simply, "Yes, I am preparing my sermon for next Sunday. Several young men are being graduated from the seminary of my church." Such was my introduction to the Reverend Pedro Vázquez, pastor.

I discovered that this remarkable man was the founder and pastor of a thriving parish and director of a theological college, both in a northwestern suburb of Mexico City. On weekends after his long run, while other members of the train crew rest for the next trip, he goes happily about his parish duties of calling on the sick, administering the sacraments, preparing sermons, instructing young people, preaching, conducting services, and the myriad other clerical tasks that occupy him full-time until he rushes to board northbound No. 7.

As the story unfolded, my surprise mounted. I found that Conductor-Pastor Vázquez had been educated at the

# PARSON

University of Querétaro in Mexico, at the University of California, and at a theological college in Huntington Park, California. He also holds the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of California and had voluntarily laid aside a promising medical vocation to become a missionary in Mexico. I was thus introduced to Doctor Vázquez.

Few railroads in the world can offer you in Pullman service a conductor who has a "Reverend" before his name and an "M.D." after it. Later I was to discover that this humble conductor is also one of the pioneer educators in the great awakening giant that is Mexico. Strategically located throughout the state of San Luis Potosí are six other churches founded by Dr. Vázquez, which thrive today under pastors who, like their superior, work among their people at various daily trades. There the three "R's," plus history, health, and hygiene, are taught by volunteer teachers to adults and children alike. Actually, Dr. Pedro's program antedates the government's "each one teach one" project by more than ten years. Education, he told me, is still one of Mexico's most pressing problems; about eight hundred thousand people in remote mountain villages have not yet learned the official language of their land, and many do not even know that the Spaniards have come.

In the course of our hours together on the train, I learned that the Reverend Mr. Vázquez has had a rare opportunity to understand the problems of Mexico. Born in 1885 of Indian parents, he was the youngest of ten

*After three-day round trip between Mexico City and El Paso, Texas, Pedro "relaxes" in the pulpit on Sunday morning*



*Pedro built much of his first church with his own hands and the help of his congregation*

children. He conspicuously lacked a well-rounded boyhood, although I do not think he is especially aware of it. To support his widowed mother he was working part-time at the age of six, full-time at the age of eight. Successively, and progressively, he worked as a water-carrier for section hands, delivery boy, shoemaker, carpenter, bricklayer, janitor, and hospital orderly during his long years of school and college. He learned to study with a book in one hand and a broom in the other. "It wasn't easy," he assured me.

"But why," I asked him, "did you stop practicing medicine?"

"Stop?" he asked. "I never started, except as a hospital assistant in medical school." Some forty years ago, armed with his doctor's degree and high hopes, Pedro returned to Mexico from California with his young wife, also a medical doctor, to bring his people the latest in medical knowledge and techniques. After futile efforts to fight the superstitions rampant in the rural areas, Pedro and his wife reluctantly laid aside their medical careers, aware that they could make no headway against bodily ills until they had won over the people's minds. So they turned to religion and education, although soap and water still played a large part in their approach. Pedro's wife remained his constant companion and helper in his work until her death a number of years ago.

"It's probably just as well that I did not follow medicine," he suggested. "My methods were somewhat radical. I have never believed in following tradition blindly if a person's life is at stake."





*Dr. Vázquez addresses parishioners ranging in age from seven years to 110 in this unfinished chapel*

*Pedro exchanges pulpit for another kind of desk before the long trip to El Paso*



On his first case as hospital assistant, Pedro was put in charge of a man dying of pneumonia. The head physician approached the jittery young student with the unnerving words, "Pedro, I'm sorry, but you're going to kill your first patient. That man will be dead by morning."

"That did it!" recalls Pedro. "I was determined that my first patient should not die." All through the night the young medic placed hot and ice-cold compresses, alternately every three minutes, on the sick man's chest and back. Because of the treatment, or perhaps in spite of it, he showed enormous improvement by morning. The head physician made his rounds two days later and pointed to the empty bed.

"Is your patient on the table in the morgue?" he asked.

"Why, no," replied Pedro. "He's *at* the table in the dining room. See, he's over there having breakfast."

Needless to say, Pedro's radical health methods were not adopted for every patient; but that incident and other records of his having cured typhus patients by plunging them into icewater (and holding them there) are probably listed in hospital annals as the treatments of a madman. Dr. Vázquez makes no pretensions to practicing medicine among his parishioners today, but he does insist on certain health standards and instruction in hygiene that have made his parishes model dwelling places. "Show me what you eat," he challenges, "and I'll tell you how long you'll live."

Pedro wryly recalls his early days with the Pullman

company, when the conductor often had to double as cook and porter. "In those days," he told me, "we had to work seven nights for one night of rest, make up berths, collect fares, and cook over an oil lamp—all for twenty-four dollars a month. If our year's record was clear, we received a Christmas bonus of one month's pay. If we had received any black marks, we lost the bonus. Now we have two nights of duty to two of rest. Our working conditions are excellent."

He remembers vividly an incident in 1914 during the Mexican Revolution, when he was in charge of a train-load of evacuees. Veracruz had been bombed by the United States Navy, and all North Americans had been given thirty-six hours to leave Mexico. The locomotive engineer unexpectedly found himself in the crossfire of two revolutionary armies and parked his train on a bridge over a lake for protection. Days without food, the imprisoned passengers had to depend on their resourceful Pullman doctor to forage for them. He requisitioned chickens, goats, and finally a bull from neighboring fields. There were no sales slips. Grateful for their rescue, several of the evacuees urged the young man to return to the United States with them, rather than risk death in the Revolution by remaining in Mexico. Without hesitation, Pedro rejected the tempting offers and elected to stay in his own country. Revolutions held no fears for him. "The only time I was really frightened," he admits, "was when I was called to deliver a baby on the train as it was under fire." Incidentally, Dr. Pedro has acted as obstetrician many times since on his long



border run but under far more peaceful conditions.

When my train arrived in Mexico City and moved through the long train shed into the Buenavista Station, I told the Pullman parson I would like to know more about him. "That's easy," he replied. "See you in church!" Away he went, a young man of seven decades, striding briskly down the platform toward the locker room to prepare himself for a busy Sunday in the sanctuary.

I was unprepared for the beautiful building I found when I headed into a run-down, grimy neighborhood to visit Pedro's Mexico City church. I was equally unprepared for the cordial reception accorded me by the well-dressed, intelligent young people who greeted me at the door. Two of the young men in charge of activities were graduates of Pedro's unofficial "Boys' Town." That, he had not mentioned. They filled in the gap, however. They told me how the Pullman parson had rehabilitated the lives of many child beggars both in Mexico City and in other communities; how he fed them, clothed them, educated them, found jobs for them, and saw them through to self-respect, marriage, family, and children. Those I met spoke English as well as their teacher. That, too, was part of his painstaking program of education.

Dr. Vázquez' church services are of the type generally followed by Baptists in the United States, with an informal liturgy, hymns, prayers, and sermon. Emphasis is placed upon adult baptism, and a large baptistry occupies the sanctuary of his various churches. But in its back-to-the-land philosophy, Dr. Vázquez' church is not unlike the famous Roman Catholic "mission to Paris" of a few years ago, in which the clergy worked at secular occupations. The pastor at the city of San Luis Potosí, for example, is also an excellent electrician. Pedro himself continues his work on the Mexican National both as a matter of principle, about which he feels strongly, and as a matter of economics, for it enables him to turn his salary back to his churches, since he lives on a virtual "rule of poverty" himself. Ultimately, he will receive a small pension from the Pullman company.

In exploring Pedro's neat, white church, I discovered that he had built much of it with his own hands. Actually, each of his church buildings in Mexico had been built by members of the congregation. When a new building is needed, pastors and people simply set to work, baking their own bricks and mixing their own mortar.

Here I uncovered a rather interesting private—or at least, silent—agreement. Since baking bricks within the city limits is illegal, Pedro has had to time his brick-making activities to coincide with weekends when the inspector is off duty. Of course, the inspector makes no visits when he is not expected—or when the kilns are being fired. It is an excellent arrangement, though neither Pedro nor the inspector will admit to it.

During my six weeks in Mexico I had occasion to visit several of Pedro's other parishes in rural areas about San Luis Potosí. There again I was struck by the emphasis on cleanliness, the intelligence, and the great spiritual strength among clergy and congregations of all the communities. As we drove about one village, Pedro suddenly

stopped and pointed to an attractive new railroad station. "That," he exclaimed proudly, "belongs to us!" He had observed members of his congregation walking many miles to the nearest station, while the rail line itself ran through the settlement. With characteristic initiative Pedro gathered his men together, baked bricks, and erected a railroad station within the village limits. With the new station built it was a simple step for him to obtain permission from the Mexican National to make regular stops for the greater convenience of his flock.

Though Pedro will not admit it, it is an open secret that all of his Pullman company salary is channeled back into his religious and educational work. His people are poor and cannot afford to maintain the extensive properties he has acquired for them. Nor can he bear to reject a sincere request for aid. Recently, his people told me, he was discovered sleeping on the floor of his small apartment, covered only by his *sarape*. He had given his bed and mattress to someone needier.

A week before my return to the United States, I made a point of meeting Pedro again at the Buenavista Station just as he was leaving on his El Paso run. As I bade him goodbye, I attempted to commend him for his extraordinary achievements. He merely shrugged his shoulders and replied, "I suppose I do have a secret. I'm thankful that I've always been poor. If I had not been, I should not have had to work. Then I should not have had the greatest joy of my life, working to help others. If I'd had everything, I should have done nothing."

The locomotive whistled sharply; the station bell clanged. The modern St. Francis waved gaily and climbed nimbly aboard the long train as it began to move out on its northward run. I felt suddenly quite worthless. ♦ ♦ ♦

*Service stripes bear witness to Dr. Vázquez' forty years with the Pullman company*



# HUB OF THE ARGENTINE



*Buenos Aires looks to the river and the ocean; residents are known as porteños, or port dwellers*

## *Buenos Aires through the eyes of a native*

**Ulises Petit de Murat**

BUENOS AIRES has always been a city of change, shifting character with the years in a kind of perpetual rebirth. It was even founded more than once: first by Pedro de Mendoza in 1536, and again in 1580 by Juan de Garay. This second and more lasting event added a sizable though virtually worthless gem to the resplendent Spanish crown—mud, baked and formed into the brickwork of the humble dwellings that shivered on the edge of an enormous river and an even more enormous pampa.

Originally the city was reluctantly Spanish, somewhat nondescript in both spirit and architecture. But by the end of 1806 the routed British invaders had left their mark, after occupying the city for only a few months. Tea was substituted for the five o'clock cup of chocolate, and the *criollo* harness, still used today in rural areas, was replaced by fine leather saddles and narrow stirrups. British smugglers upset the landowners' enjoyable leisure with the peculiar idea that cattle were born not for the delicious purpose of being roasted over a slow fire, but rather to disappear in the labyrinth of international trade.

Next, after the yellow fever epidemic of 1871, Buenos Aires turned French. People deserted the southern district, and for some unknown reason the first resemblance to Paris appeared in the buildings and streets of the northern part of the city. Then—paradoxically, for freedom's bell had been rung on May 25, 1810—the city became Spanish again. The Avenida de Mayo took command, with its noisy cafés, those Argentine steak houses called *churrerías*, and theaters featuring Spanish companies. This interlude took place between 1890 and 1920.

Later, first in architecture and then in the way of life, Buenos Aires became Italian. Before Corrientes was widened, even before this street of movies, theaters, cabarets, and restaurants opened its aromatic Milanese-style pizzerias, Italian dishes were being served in most homes on Sundays. And the happy rhythm and showiness of the tango was submerged in the sticky sadness of the Neopolitan *canzonetta*.

The city grew so much that this fresh renaissance meant death only for the strictly *criollo* aspects. The

old-fashioned nougat *dulce de leche*, a few patios in the southern section, and some horsemen around the slaughterhouses have barely managed to survive, while a deep longing for Europe pervades everything. This is obvious in the way most things are oriented toward the river—a point of departure for some, of return for others. So it is that a city beside a plain that would allow almost limitless expansion clings tenaciously to the river; this also accounts for the semi-Florentine, semi-Roman building fronts and English and French parks. Two elegant suburbs bear witness to a boundless love for Paris—Palermo Chico and the area bounded by Alvear Avenue. A rather limited U.S. influence is seen in the few superfluous skyscrapers, like the Kavanagh Building, and the cold, unbroken lines of buildings without balconies on Diagonal Norte Avenue.

Suddenly Buenos Aires seems completed. It has matured physically until there is no longer an unpaved, unlighted street within the city limits. Every household enjoys all the conveniences, modern sanitation, and the world's best drinking water. There are no sordid slums like those in Paris, London, Rome, and New York, for the ghastly picturesque misery that seems to draw sadistic tourists has died out. Indeed, it has been said that only prewar Berlin could touch Buenos Aires in cleanliness.

Meanwhile, the city has burst the boundaries marked by its charter. As in London, houses have sprung up northward and westward for about eighteen miles in each direction. An iron bridge across the Riachuelo River separates Buenos Aires' five million residents from another million and half in the city of Avellaneda. On

the banks of the Riachuelo lies the Boca district, with a gay Italian air and the only houses in the city that dare to sport green façades. Its seafaring men seem to spring from the very accordions whose music penetrates the nights.

The best-known citizens of Buenos Aires are people like Nobel Prizewinner Bernardo Houssay, Juan José Castro, renowned composer-conductor, and Juan Manuel Fangio, auto racing champion. But it is the workers from the interior of the country who finance the city's glitter and its dedication to "conversational leisure." As the capital of a cattle-raising and farming nation, Buenos Aires has few industries. Consequently, there is such a shortage of specialized workers that they are sought even in Europe. Most raise their sons to be lawyers, doctors, or businessmen and see that their daughters study piano and French—over and beyond the compulsory six years' schooling. Foreign technicians unanimously agree that the Buenos Aires workingman is alert and intelligent, and that, while he stubbornly insists on holding Monday discussions of Sunday soccer games or races, his output is substantial. The city has no sizable manufacturing zone or workers' housing projects. In neighboring Avellaneda there is a sort of industrial nucleus, but no smog, none of the flavor of a factory town.

Just as Buenos Aires typifies the Argentine city—though Córdoba, Rosario, Avellaneda, Mendoza, and others are not to be ignored—its downtown district is self-contained. Except for the racetracks and soccer field, the mainstream of city life is concentrated in only a few square blocks. The suburbs have their schools, theaters, businesses, libraries, small art galleries, and delightful

*Leandro N. Alem Avenue. Perpetual change has marked Argentine capital, with influence from Spain, France, England, Italy, and U.S.A.*





tiny restaurants comparable only to those in Paris. But whenever you speak of the University, the Gallery, the Library, or the Theater, in capital letters, you inevitably refer to the center of the city.

Downtown Buenos Aires blazes day and night. When business and government offices close, the crowds start to gather for the near-ritual of whiling away time—or wasting it, according to the view of more practical souls.



During peak shopping hours motor traffic is banned on Florida Street to give pedestrians free rein

Corrientes Street, especially, never sleeps. There is a time for theater-going and, when the last night clubs close their doors at five in the morning, even a time for pre-dawn snacks. The hours of heated café discussions are endless, with the world being pieced together and rearranged and the city reborn at each passing moment.

The café is where a *porteño*, or port dweller, as the native of Buenos Aires is known, honors what he values most in life: friendship. With a chance remark, he may raise a behavior problem for discussion or seek moral support that he cannot find at home. The café brings men together in an atmosphere of complete candor. There the soccer player learns a truth beclouded by the public or the press; the playwright comes face to face with his frankest critics; the ham actor, the influential financier, everyone meets on the same level.

The thousands of cafés downtown and those scattered on suburban corners assure an audience at any hour of the day or night. You can sit at a table as long as you like for the price of a single cup of coffee, discussing everything from the atom bomb to Matisse's artistic style, from Tito Schipa's voice to the last horse that won the Pellegrini classic in the Palermo Hippodrome, not to mention What's-his-name's amazing goal kick that won the first round of the soccer championship for the Boca Juniors. This conversational leisure is such an integral part of Buenos Aires life that even during the daytime working hours the cafés are full of men playing billiards or talking together, and the teahouses are crowded with

chattering women. I have never seen anything like it, except perhaps in Madrid and certain parts of Paris.

Thanks to the cafés, the theater retains its tremendous appeal in Buenos Aires. Movies, much less television, could never rout it. Those who sneer at spending a few hours in what they dub "unimportant chitchat" are television's surest victims. But for most people, sitting unemotionally before a mechanical box will never replace the lively custom of going to a theater and then to a café to hash over the performance.

So it is that Buenos Aires has some thirty commercial theaters that do a year-round business—two with fifteen hundred seats each—and seventy-five experimental theaters, several with seating capacities of about four hundred. At one, the New Theater, Anouilh's *Medea* ran for a solid year; at the Wastral, a commercial theater, the River Plate author Aldama's *Cuando los Duendes Cazan Perdices* (When the Goblins Hunt Partridges) played a five-year run. Recently I found out that the Folies Bergères grossed fifteen million pesos in Buenos Aires. Tickets for the performances of the Jean-Louis Barrault dramatic company were sold out almost immediately; and, after having lost money everywhere else in the world, the Cuevas-Vera ballet was a financial success here. There is never an empty seat at a concert, the ballet, or the opera. Greater Buenos Aires alone pays the

Kavanagh Building, modern U.S.-style apartment house, is one of comparatively few tall structures in metropolitan Buenos Aires







*The Cabildo, dating from colonial times, is to porteños what Independence Hall is to Philadelphians*

way for Argentine movies.

Many of the leading dramatic companies were born of café discussions. Even the enterprise that revived the faltering Argentine movie industry by filming works of Unamuno, Lugones, and other noted writers was conceived at the Ateneo Café, under the inspiration of the celebrated actor Francisco Petrone.

Also, I believe most of the daring exploits of the Martín Fierro literary group were initiated in the Richmond de Florida, a café-confectionery on one of the oldest and most fashionable streets of Buenos Aires. For instance, there was the time that "Wet Paint" signs were hung on ten of a certain artist's pictures. He had been acclaimed by the ignorant bourgeoisie who are the money-makers (perhaps because they do not spend time in the cafés) but have no artistic taste (undoubtedly because they do not spend time there).

Through all its changes, Buenos Aires sustains many other enthusiasms besides this ineffable worship—like that of the ancient Greeks—of intellectual and conversational leisure. With it all, work goes on. There are daily papers that rank among the most important in the world, many publishing houses, a multitude of bookstores, and scientific, cultural, research, and welfare centers. The city's apparent outward instability, nervous tension, and even austerity may be due in part to its variable climate, which runs from one extreme to the other, saving its only delights for the fall, which is like a transparent European spring.

*Porteños* have a passion for dressing well. Men's stores and tailors—usually outstanding craftsmen from Genoa—are not confined to any special section, but the

women have taken over beautiful Santa Fé Street and part of Florida. Florida is also lined with music stores, men's shops, bookstores, and art galleries. There are probably other types of stores on Santa Fé too, but I recall always having to resort to a side street to find a barbershop.

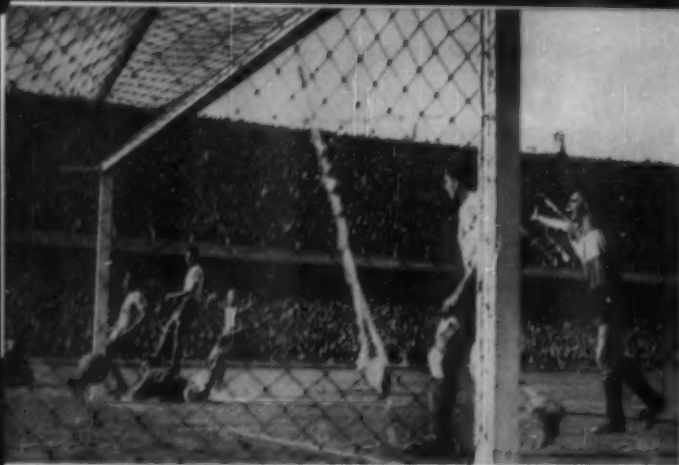
Even today many Buenos Aires women—not only members of the moneyed classes—do not work. Some work for a while, but give it up after marriage. Naturally, these women have plenty of time to spend on their grooming. Somehow, the rest manage to find time. We *porteños* are used to admiring the attractive figures and ensembles of Sunday strollers, only to run into them again later waiting on table at the home of a friend. Except for small details, there is no class distinction in the matter of clothing in Buenos Aires. The *porteño's* concept of fashion is somewhat restricted by his characteristic, almost neurotic fear of appearing ridiculous. But the lack of originality is partly compensated for by the uniformly easy-on-the-eyes quality of both men's and women's apparel. In this field Buenos Aires has no rival.

The *porteño* has two rather reprehensible means of defense against his fear of ridicule and solemnity. He either takes a wise-guy, so-what attitude or pokes fun at things. This is a cover-up for his vulnerable generosity



*Sidewalk flower stalls are nostalgic reminder of Europe, which porteños love so well*

and deep-rooted sentimentality. Take the tango, for instance, with its suppressed emotion, its slow step, and the woman leaning back in the man's arms as if she were under his power. The *porteño*, putting on a true "tango face," assumes a rather contemptuous attitude toward the other couples.



Exciting goal-line action between Boca Juniors and Racing teams. Porteños are enthusiastic fans, but wives usually stay at home

One of the favorite Buenos Aires pastimes is to wander along Florida Street at dusk. As the women stroll by, their angelic faces are veiled in all the mystery with which we men like to credit them, never smiling even faintly when a compliment is tossed their way. The *porteña* is convinced that a slow reply to gallantry is the best way to raise her rating in a man's eyes. She enjoys flattery, delights in flirting, but won't make a date if she suspects that the man goes out with anyone else. Her reluctance to accept even the most attractive invitation—to the Comédie Française with dinner and dancing afterward, for example—surprises most foreigners, especially Anglo-Saxons. Often, with the flimsiest excuse, she will break a date at the last minute.

Courtship customs have grown less rigid, but chaperonage, either direct or disguised, still prevails. However, this reflects no lack of freedom, but rather a deliberate pitting of wits against the masculine instinct to conquer. Marriages are long-lasting and 95 per cent are dissolved only by death—perhaps because of the romantic acumen of the women.

Another basic reason for this record of marital success lies in the fact that the woman rules supreme in the home but rarely mixes in her husband's affairs. He goes alone to soccer games, the races, or the café. Also, he will keep from her as long as humanly possible—sometimes forever—any job or career difficulties, which he has very probably unburdened to his cronies. No *porteño* wants his wife to play any part in his promotions, not even to prepare a dinner for the boss. If the wife exercises any authority at all, it is subtle and veiled in the French manner. Husband and wife form a powerful union, which grows without need of words—unless the man is irritated by his wife's telling him how to run his life.

Someone once said that Buenos Aires has no inhabitants, only survivors. If one can survive so much, in such good health—the city has one of the world's lowest mortality rates—it must be due in large part to an emotional life that feeds men's hearts and souls and to a uniquely abundant diet. The *porteño* breakfasts rather lightly; has two or three courses, wine, and dessert for lunch; takes his tea with sandwiches and cakes (or *masitas*, which rival German, Hungarian, and French

pastries); and, finally, eats another three-course meal at nine in the evening. The wine's low alcoholic content precludes the degrading spectacle of drunkenness.

The Argentine capital has also played a major literary role. Esteban Echeverría gave us a sketch of the old-time evil-doers, of knives and easy provocation, in his story *El Matadero* (The Slaughterhouse), portraying the era of the Rosas dictatorship. Then Vicente López, in *La Gran Aldea* (The Great Village) said that "the great capital of the South"—as it will be known forever in our national anthem—was not yet worthy of the name. Julián Martel marked another rebirth with *La Bolsa* (The Stock Exchange), in which he explained the rash of commercial enterprises that erupted at the end of the victorious war against Paraguay and the creation of a speculative metropolis, so alien to our understanding, that ended in the 1890 crash. Bilbao was a careful chronicler of the city's historical elements, development, and successive transformations. Other poets and novelists who dealt with the city were of minor importance, until two rival literary groups arose, one calling itself Martin-Fierrista, after the hero of Hernández' gaucho epic.

These groups forced people to notice that we were really just inhabitants of Buenos Aires, not of Paris, and even less of the Greek or Roman hills. Roberto Arlt depicted the heavy immigration and the impact of different races and mores in *Los Siete Locos* (The Seven Madmen) and *El Juguete Rabioso* (The Rabid Toy). Gilardi, a disciple of the top-ranking writer Ricardo Güiraldes, described the western part of the city, still swampy, still very pampa along the edges, well after the turn of the century. Painters were drawn to the picturesque Boca; the writer Jorge Luis Borges and his sister Norah, a painter, were inspired by the nostalgia of the narrow dirt roads and the Italian flower urns of the luxuriant old estates, which have since been subdivided. I too was expressing a hometown loyalty when I wrote *El Barrio Como No Hay Otro* (The Suburb Without Equal), which deals with one of the most delightful sections of Buenos Aires, with its tree-lined streets that wander peacefully westward. Briefly, and admitting omissions, I recall Macedonio Fernández' good-humored gibes at the statues and the traffic and Juan Carlos Castagnino's descriptions of the place where Buenos Aires meets the pampa.

But to my knowledge there is no artistic or literary affidavit of the latest rebirth of Buenos Aires. Suddenly its streets were filled with provincial folk who had pulled up their roots in the traditional, austere rural areas to swarm to the new industrial belt. In some ways they were even more alien than actual foreigners. Some say there were almost half a million of them. One sure thing is that *vidalas* and *tonadas* (Argentine folk songs) suddenly began to pour forth from phonographs and radios. And we who are *porteños* by birth felt odd and confused when we went into the restaurants along Godoy Cruz and Santa Fé Streets. Like Güiraldes, who had to see Buenos Aires from the heart of Paris to find the true gaucho in his soul, we had to withdraw a bit to rediscover our beloved city. ♦ ♦ ♦

# Aaron Copland's

## VISION OF AMERICA

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***a Chilean composer discusses a master of modern music***

Juan Orrego Salas

AARON COPLAND's music is genuinely and unmistakably an expression of the United States. But it would be doing both him and ourselves an injustice to judge him by the narrow nationalistic criterion so common in this Hemisphere. We would thus become entangled in a useless discussion of localisms that often do not emerge from the realm of theory, and we would fail to see how universal his music really is. (After all, Bach and Vivaldi managed to express their individual and geographic differences within a common tradition.)

Many influences played their part in developing Copland's broad outlook, based solidly on his own existence and his own country yet unlimited by considerations of time or space. He absorbed impressions and subjected them to a rigorous, highly individual process of synthesis and discard. In 1941, for example, when he first toured Latin America to perform and lecture on U.S. music, he wasted no opportunity to meet the leading composers, to listen to the works of the younger ones, to familiarize himself as much as possible with Latin American folklore. The direct results of this experience could soon be heard in his music, and its indirect result was to further widen his horizons. This was the last of the influences that helped to mold his style. His training as a composer was primarily European. But of course the most significant fact is that he was born in the United States—in Brooklyn, on November 4, 1900.

Of the drab street on which he was born, he has written: "Music was the last thing anyone would have connected with it." Apart from violin-and-piano duets played by his brother and sister, there was little music

in his home. He did not even take piano lessons until he was thirteen, and then at his own insistence. When, a few years later, it occurred to him to become a composer, his piano teacher, Leopold Wolfsohn, helped him to find an instructor in harmony. Thus he began his studies with Rubin Goldmark in 1917. He looks back with appreciation on the grounding Goldmark gave him, but he eventually grew restive under Goldmark's strictures against the modern music he was discovering for himself.

Those post-World War I years were an exciting time for a musician to grow up in. The expressionistic boldness of Schoenberg and Satie, the dynamism of the early Stravinsky, the polytonality of the pre-1908 Bartók, the authentic regionalism of the De Falla of *The Three-Cornered Hat*, all these enfolded by French impressionism and German neo-Romanticism—such was the background for the period. But young Copland felt remote from all this ferment, for New York, shut off from Europe during the war, was only just beginning to catch up. Hence, after completing his training in the musical fundamentals in New York, he emigrated to France in 1921 in search of novelty. So eager was he for the experience that he was the first student to enroll in the new summer school for Americans at Fontainebleau. In the autumn he began composition studies with the distinguished teacher Nadia Boulanger. His stay in Paris stretched to three years.

The vast laboratory that was Paris in the twenties could not defeat him, for he was armed with something more than mere snobbism, which would have given him a facile but perhaps transitory success. He received with



an open mind whatever influences were attractive to his temperament, accepting them in much the same spirit as he cast them off when they had ceased to be useful to him. But no one was strong enough to ignore the watchword of those days: originality. As Copland himself says in his book *Our New Music*: "The laws of rhythm, of harmony, of construction had all been torn down. Every composer in the vanguard set out to remake them according to his own conceptions. And I suppose that I was no exception, despite my youth—or possibly because of it." Like so many of his day, Copland while in Paris was a champion of an essentially experimental art.

This did not pose the same difficulties for him that it did for his European colleagues; if he lacked their wealth of tradition, he was also free of the responsibility that weighed on their shoulders. The Frenchman was forced into "originality" by his need to liberate himself from the stranglehold of impressionism. The German could no longer put up with the moribund Wagnerian esthetic or with the machinelike counterpoint of Reger and Bruckner. The Italian, with greater prudence but without disguise, was seeking an escape from verism. Copland, on the other hand, was motivated by the simplest kind of creative restlessness.

He returned to his native land in 1924 brimming with promise and markedly extremist in position, advocating dissonant harmonic texture and complex rhythm and form. The works he brought back with him—four motets for mixed voices; a passacaglia for piano; *As It Fell upon a Day*, for voice, flute, and clarinet; *Grohg*, a ballet—reveal him to have been as much an "enfant terrible" as his French contemporaries. The most outstanding of those early works was the *Symphony for Organ and Orchestra* (later reorchestrated without organ as the *First Symphony*), which was written in 1924 at the request of Nadia Boulanger for performance on her forthcoming tour of the United States. Its introduction in New York in January 1925 created all the uproar that could possibly be wanted to satisfy the esotericism in vogue among the younger generation. Walter Damrosch himself, who conducted it, immediately turned to the audience and commented: "If a young man at the age of twenty-three can write a symphony like that, in five years he will be ready to commit murder."

This was just one more experience, to be profited by and then filed alongside the rest. Copland himself soon came to regard the products of his Paris period as "too European"—an indication of an awakening nationalism that he was soon to adopt almost as a moral discipline. This doctrine, badly misused at first, was his point of departure toward a truly American style. It brought him, around 1924, to jazz, which offered not only an extraordinary treasure house of rhythm but also an orchestral color very different from that of the impressionists.

He proposed to experiment with it in the field of serious music. Many composers were attempting around that time to apply jazz to symphonic forms—particularly after the sensation aroused when Paul Whiteman introduced Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. Plucking themes from Broadway, they forced them into a symphonic



Leading U.S. composer Aaron Copland also writes about modern music and helps to promote it

mold whose pretentiousness was alien and destructive. But for Copland the problem was not so easy; he sought an approach different from that of Stravinsky, Milhaud, and others who had made use of the idiom.

"From the composer's viewpoint," he once remarked, "jazz had only two expressions: the well-known 'blues' mood or the wild, abandoned, almost hysterical and grotesque mood so dear to the youth of all ages." Then he added: "Any serious composer who attempted to work within these two moods would sooner or later become aware of their severe limitations. But the technical procedures of jazz had much wider implications, since these were not necessarily restricted to the two moods but might be applied to any number of different musical styles." It did not take him long to see how complex the whole business was. The characteristic role played by rhythm could not be reproduced even in part unless jazz polyrhythms were studied in conjunction with the appropriate harmony, melody, and instrument color.

This attitude shows an artist determined to discover the essence of things, unwilling to settle for commonplace borrowing of jazz syncopation or for the coarsening of harmonies that occurred when jazz was put into symphonic language.

This is not to deny that his imposition of this new language from without weakened his early compositions in this vein, such as *Music for the Theater* (written in 1925 on a commission from Koussevitzky). The difference between Copland and the others lies in his effort to get beneath the surface of jazz. If in this particular work his use of the idiom goes no further than actual



quotation, later his allusions would become less and less direct, only the spirit and the internal content remaining.

*Music for the Theater* is significant for its use of resources that within a few years would make his style an eminently personal, yet characteristically U.S., phenomenon. By means of the very mistakes of the assembly-line regionalism apparent in the way he treats jazz and the fact that he used it at all, he was to learn what was truly classic in the U.S. spirit. An austerity rare in the music of those days, which was to become a cornerstone of his work, has its virtual beginnings in *Music for the Theater*. By the time of *Statements* (1935) this economy of means had become part of him, and it renders highly individual such works as the ballet *Appalachian Spring*, the Clarinet Concerto, the Third Symphony, and the opera *The Tender Land*, all composed after 1940. In the introduction to *Music for the Theater*, a simple drum roll followed by a piano chord and then two trumpets suffice for the exposition of all the thematic material.

The nature of Copland's "thematic material" needs explanation. Even then he was beginning to realize his own shortcomings. His melodic inventiveness is limited—a defect that could have been fatal but instead, perhaps because he is acutely self-critical, stimulated him to exploit his many other talents. In *Music for the Theater* and other works of the period, it was rhythm. Though

convincing harmonic pattern wove them together.

Not unnaturally, his music of those years struck the average listener as dry, not because of its dissonance, which even today disturbs those who demand that the tonal structure be kept simple, but because Copland's insistence on stripping it down to essentials inevitably seemed distorted and esoteric to a public to whom "modern music" meant only that proceeding from the warm harmonies and full sonorities of impressionism. Copland's orchestral technique derives more from the Mahler of *Das Lied von der Erde* than from a Wagner or a Debussy. He fled from harmonic padding and shrank instinctively from excessive multiplication of instrumental voices. His scores reveal his preference for unison over the parallel octaves common to the orchestrations of the classical and romantic masters. Open spaces between the parts came to be as typical of him as parallel seventh and ninth chords are of the impressionists.

His *Short Symphony* (1933), later reworked into a Sextet for String Quartet, Clarinet, and Piano, is a good example of how he carried out these ideas. This and his *Variations for Piano* (1930) are the outstanding works of this period. In the *Variations* the principle of economy is carried so far that the harmonic burden is borne almost entirely by the counterpoint of two themes. How



Scene from ballet *Billy the Kid*, which dramatizes exploits of Wild West outlaw. Copland draws much inspiration from U.S. themes

the restrictions of his faculty for melody might be expected to rule out eloquent polyphony, he in fact created a new language of rhythmic counterpoint; that is, the rhythms assigned to the various planes gave them individual emphasis at the same time that an always

could it have seemed other than dry?

While this may suggest that the *Variations* is not a work destined for a brilliant future in the standard concert repertoire, not even the most hostile listener can deny its decisive importance in the shaping of Copland's



Rodeo, first staged by the Ballet Theatre in 1942 with choreography by Agnes de Mille

style. If it lacks warmth and emotion, their absence is compensated for by an austere rhetoric and by the technical cleanliness out of which all his future works were to grow. The ultimate results of this experimental era were the ballets *Billy the Kid* (1938) and *Rodeo* (1942), *An Outdoor Overture* (1938), the incidental music for the play *Quiet City* (1939), and the *Lincoln Portrait* (1942).

With *Appalachian Spring* (1944), Copland came into his own. Technically, he had become assured in the use of the elements that today make his style unmistakable; artistically, he projected his work toward the sphere of universal values. This was the period in which he won himself a secure place among the major composers of our century.

Since his first contact with Latin America in 1941 he has reinforced his ties there by another tour around the continent and by countless visits to Mexico, where he has performed much of his work as guest conductor of the national symphony orchestra. These trips have made him a close friend of composers in the various countries and a model for the younger groups. His summer courses in composition at the Berkshire Music Center, of which he is now assistant director, have been attended by many young Latin American musicians whose styles reflect his influence—Alberto Ginastera of Argentina, Julián Orbón of Cuba, Héctor Tosar of Uruguay, Carlos Riesco of Chile, and others. Some, without having studied under him, admire his work so much that they have unconsciously absorbed many of his characteristics: Blas Galindo of Mexico and the Argentines García Morillo and Gianneo, for example.

Needing no profound research into Latin American folklore, Copland has managed to penetrate the spirit of its music merely by listening to it and to stylize it in his own works without falsifying its meaning. Melodic or rhythmic elements from Brazil, Mexico, and Cuba crop up in his scores in two distinct fashions: used objectively to build his musical rhetoric on, as with the Brazilian theme in the third movement of the *Clarinet Concerto*; or quoted directly for the purpose of heighten-

ing a corresponding mood, as in the entire score of *El Salón México*, where he employs folkloric music to paint the atmosphere of the dance hall he is describing.

Since writing the score for the film *Our Town* (1940), he has resorted less and less to folkloric music, and his interest in it is speculative and more universal. Yet despite the attraction Latin American as well as U.S. popular songs and dances hold out for him, and without sectarianism or adherence to cliques, he exhibits a genuinely North American style in full maturity. If there is something European in his music—or, to be more precise, something of French impressionism—it is present to exactly the degree that Europe and especially France have contributed to the formation of U.S. arts. The important thing with Copland is not to measure the native influence against the foreign, nor to examine how he translates one or another influence. What really matters is the way in which all those elements compatible with his own nature, whatever their source, have gone to make up his personality. In this lies the gradual development of universality in his music, above all a universality that emphasizes humanity without losing sight of the individual.

Long interested in Latin American music, Copland attended 1954 Caracas music festival with colleague Virgil Thomson



A related idea was expressed by Arthur Berger in his study of the composer in the *Musical Quarterly*: "Copland, so it would seem, brought more of the indigenous to folk music than it brought to him. Traditional tunes provided extra materials to work with, but the materials themselves were merely so many different specific manifestations of qualities that had already been present in his music. I take it to be significant that before he had anything to do with the ballets *Billy the Kid* and *Rodeo*, the winner of a CBS contest for a subtitle to his *Music for Radio* [1937] suggested 'Saga of the Prairies.'"

In *Appalachian Spring* he takes a regional theme from a collection made by Edward D. Andrews and treats it in five different variations. He alters, he cuts, he breaks up certain melodic passages, he makes insignificant ele-

His opera *The Tender Land*, commissioned by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein through the League of Composers, was first performed in New York in November 1953. Afterward Copland decided to make certain changes in the score. His reason, he says, was to "intensify the dramatic elements that in the original version appeared to be only sketched." With this in mind, the composer added three more scenes and divided the opera into three acts. The corrected version was produced at Tanglewood during the 1954 season, staged by Fritz Cohen and under the musical direction of Frederic Waldman.

In this opera and in his song cycle *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*, Copland reaches the height of simplicity. At the same time he manages to sustain with



Opera *The Tender Land* as performed at Berkshire Music Center (Tanglewood) during summer of 1954

ments strangely eloquent; he applies his principle of abstraction here in such a way that he extracts from the popular theme a local flavor that it does not have in itself. In short, he understands its substance so well that in changing its shape to intensify the emotional impact he does it no damage.

The Third Symphony, the Quartet for Piano and Strings, and the Clarinet Concerto, despite the abstractness of these forms, display the same use of the regional within the universal. At no time does the monumentality of the symphony lead him to betray his ideal of austerity and economy; even in its passages of maximum intensity he never abandons his preference for openness between the sound planes, his abhorrence of extraneous matter.

conviction a tender and optimistic vein that has been a constant of his work since *Appalachian Spring*. The action of *The Tender Land*, based on a libretto by Horace Everett, is laid in the spring of 1910 and revolves around a modest Midwest family. Copland has always been captivated by the simple life of the U.S. middle class, the small landowner or farmer; here he finds inspiration for unaffected, gentle, and restrained poetry. This is evident not only in dramatic works like *Our Town*, *Quiet City*, and *Billy the Kid* but also in his absolute music, such as the Third Symphony, the Sextet for String Quartet, Clarinet, and Piano, and his sonatas for violin and piano and for solo piano—all imperishable examples of contemporary U.S. music. ♦ ♦ ♦



# *the dog and the shadow*

A short story by Augusto Roa Bastos

Illustrations by Enrique Echeverría



"THERE GOES the Doctor!"

So say the people at daybreak, as the village of Cangó, wrapped in earth and dew, turns slowly toward the sunrise with its single long street and its huts of rosy adobe that seem to shiver under the still-dark gables. At the edges of the road along which the dog and his master come, dew rises from the pastures; and in the middle, dust rises from the deep ruts. The dew knows the secret of the stars; the dust, that of men. Each rises lightly and

seeks the other, they mix as in a fight, and there they stay, heavy, the color of ashes, unable either to rise any higher or to die. But the dog does not know this; he comes slowly forward with the palm-leaf basket caught by its handle between his teeth, making it sway with each motion of his woolly old head. In the wide sheet of fog, the village yawns and stretches, waiting for him. It seems, as it watches, to be smoothing out its face and blinking in the new light, still a little drowsy. The

wagon-drivers begin to leave for the fields, in their wagons; the woodcutters for the forest, their axes flashing on their shoulders. The women and the old men, the sluggish babies, stay behind amid the creaking of a well pulley somewhere, the raucous crowing from the chicken yards, the braying from the corrals. These are the things that announce the dawn; there is no bell in Cangó. Then the dog passes. That is the infallible sign. Every day, in good weather or bad, he inaugurates the road, coming from the wood where the doctor's shack stands abandoned. Not even rain can stop him, as it sometimes does the wagon-drivers and the woodcutters.

"There goes the Doctor!" the people say as they see the dog pass, thinking of his absent master. They do not say it in words; they say it, without irony, only in thoughts accustomed by now to that familiar shadow, still somehow beneficent despite what has happened. For the doctor was once the friend, the protector, of Cangó. They can almost see him still, following the dog.

Leaning against a post, Gabriela, the gravedigger's daughter, also watches him out of sleepy eyes. Behind the dog she sees the tall, thin shadow, which to her is no shadow. As always, as always—but there is no shadow. The dog comes alone with his memories. He comes sniffing in the road at a trail that only he understands, that is no longer there, accompanied by the odor of his master, his eyes bleary like the fog, with only the broken, greasy basket into which his spittle drips in two long silver threads. Back and forth between the wood and Matías' little store, passing the cemetery near which Gabriela has her hut. Thus he has done for what will be six months this spring—the six months that the doctor of Cangó has been missing, gone no one knows where, for he left no trace, only the reminder of himself clinging to the solitary dog that comes every day with the basket between his teeth, just as when he was here and they came together at this hour.

They think they knew him, but they do not even know that this stranger who came to the village as a tramp thrown off a freight train, hungry and ragged, and to whom they gave the name "Doctor," is really Serge Rezanov and that he was a medical officer in the guard of the last Russian czar. They know nothing of his life in the extinct splendor of the imperial court. There is no room for this in the minds of the humble people of Cangó. They know nothing of his wanderings through the world. They only saw what was left of a man scorched by destiny come to them along the road.

They saw him build his shack in the wood—a round shack, different from all the others. They saw him let his fair wavy hair grow long, live like the poorest of the poor, and cure the sick without ever taking money, going from place to place in the company of his dog. He looked like a prophet, but he was terribly silent. Nobody ever heard him say more than two consecutive words.

With the same mystery as he had come, he went. The dog stayed behind alone, this dog that sniffs at dawn for his master in the dust and the dew.

He goes on taking the same road. When he reaches

the store, he sets down the basket on the ground before the door and waits for Matías to open. Dropping to his hindquarters, he scratches himself patiently or sits motionless with his ears drooping until he hears the bar sliding back and the door grating.

"Good morning, Doctor!" says the storekeeper to the dog; but by now he too says it with no suggestion of ridicule, with the opacity of habit. "My best customer, could you fail me? What shall we put in the basket today? Flour and rum?" he says, mispronouncing the word for *flour* as the doctor used to do, mimicking him without malice. "No, we're out of flour. Just rum, all right?"

The dog watches him with tranquil, indifferent eyes. He wags his tail, shakes his ears, in tacit acceptance of the best or the worst. It is as if he was not interested in what might be given or denied him, only in what he himself offers by the act of coming there in an unconscious, almost ritual attempt to find his master. He tries to imitate, to repeat, all the movements of those days, feeling perhaps that in some way they will bring him back.

"Eh, crazy dog, like your master!" the storekeeper grunts into his tub of lard. But he too owes the doctor gratitude; he cured him of pneumonia that time when the gravedigger almost had the last word.

"But I kept that *gringo* from hunger during the three years he lived here," he very often recalls. "Hunger and thirst. He sucked two hogsheads of my rum."

Matías now waits on the dog, according to his mood. He no longer feels obliged to. Sometimes he tosses a chunk of meat, a few moldy crackers, or a bit of spoiled sausage into the basket; other times he treats him only to a kick; most of the time he forgets him and gives him nothing. The dog picks up the basket with his teeth and turns back, slowly and meekly, along the road. He is resigned to everything, to the storekeeper's kicks, to the stones with which a child tests his marksmanship, to the dead snakes and toads that others sneak into the



basket. He does not even notice, busy as he is with the scent of his absent master. Gabriela always waits for him near the cemetery, to help him, to counteract the abuse. She smooths his fuzzy coat, cleans the dead creatures out of the basket, puts in some food. Then together they head for the solitary dwelling, for Gabriela, like the dog, feels that the doctor is with them, she knows that he may return from one moment to the next, and she savors her hope. It is this that joins the girl and the dog in a stubborn, sweet obsession. Gabriela continues to perform the small tasks she has set herself at the hut: cleaning, tending the vegetable garden. She has no other way of proving to the doctor the submissive, secret fidelity of her heart.



The only thing she cannot tidy up is the smashed images, destroyed with axe blows.

She has not dared to touch them, even with the broom. She fears that if she moves them these broken carvings may suddenly begin to pour blood from their black wood, a black, poisonous blood like a punishment from God. Among them is the image of St. Ignatius given to the doctor by the gravedigger for saving Gabriela's life soon after he came to the village. His grandfather, old Dimas, had found it while digging a grave at the foot of a timbó tree.

It is the only one intact amid so much havoc, but a deep hollow inside the carving has been exposed. Because of its weight, Gabriela had thought it was solid. But she does not cease to wonder why the doctor respected that one image. Even the destruction of the others is an enigma—the destruction and the doctor's flight.

Then Gabriela found a little gold disc in a crack in the cabin floor. On it she saw in relief a bearded face like the doctor's. She did not know it was a coin. She told no one of her find. Gabriela does not speak to anyone; she speaks only to her dead.

When Serge Rezanov came to the village, no one knew

he was a doctor. His appearance hardly recommended him as one. For a time he wandered about in an attitude more like despair or indifference than like pride. His intense blue eyes stared fixedly at the ground, while his clothes and his half boots finished falling apart on him. Beneath his tatters could be seen patches of white skin and a firm but emaciated torso.

The first time he went to the store, Matias said to some customers who were watching him come down the road: "The new *gringo* seems jittery. Let's see what he does next."

And when he approached the counter: "What can I do for you, mister?"

"Flour and rum," was all he said, mispronouncing *flour*, without a greeting, without giving or seeking friendship or even tacit understanding. He and his silence and his mystery. He owned nothing else; even the dog and the basket came later. In all the time he was there he was never to change his ways, never to ask at the store for anything but flour and rum; two words that broke the bubble of his silence, of his will to isolate himself.

Gabriela was fifteen years old then, and whenever her father was digging a new grave she would ramble under the casuarina trees in the cemetery, pulling the weeds around the wooden crosses, mending the shabby ribbons, throwing away dead flowers. It was almost like working on a farm. She enjoyed doing it. She knew to whom each of the crosses belonged. In one of these graves was her mother, but to her all the dead were alike. They formed their small community; she cared for their sleep and their welfare under the earth. She had affection and respect for them, but no fear.

The first time she saw the tall silent foreigner, she took a liking to him and forgot for a bit her crosses and her dead.

One day, passing by the cemetery, Serge Rezanov saw Gabriela writhing amid the crosses, moaning with pain, under the helpless gaze of the gravedigger. He entered with long strides, examined the girl, and saw that her appendix was about to burst. She had to be operated on without delay. He lifted her and carried her to the gravedigger's house. He himself put water on to boil, picked up a knife, and began to sharpen it on a stone, without saying a word and without the astonished gravedigger's daring to interrupt his quick, precise preparations. Gabriela lay inert; she was only just breathing. He put her on a table and tore open her clothes. Serge Rezanov washed his hands carefully and washed the place where he would make the incision; he removed the knife from the boiling water and cut into the dark belly throbbing in the sun.

The operation performed by such crude and primitive means was completely successful. In a few days Gabriela was able to return to her little farm of crosses, and the gravedigger took the heavy carving of St. Ignatius and pressed it on his daughter's savior, who did not want to accept any payment.

From then on Serge Rezanov was "the Doctor." The misgivings and contempt that his taciturn aloofness had inspired changed to respect and admiration, if not to



affection. He had ceased to be "the *gringo*" and had not yet become "the heretic."

Gabriela began taking it upon herself to go to the log cabin with pots of stew for the doctor, which he shared with the dog. But he never thanked her for her presents or addressed a word to her, not even after the gravedigger died and was buried in one of the deep graves he had made a habit of digging in advance. "That way the work won't pile up on me," he used to say in Guaraní. The work did not pile up on him any more; the earth did.

Gabriela, an orphan now, continued going to the woodland shack, since its austere resident did not forbid her to; she alternated caring for her crosses with growing tomatoes for the doctor, sweeping his dirt patio, and cooking the stew, but she did not dare enter the shack. It seemed to her that the doctor was farther from her than her dead below ground; to them, at least, she could tell all her little affairs. Not to him.

Through the bamboo door, she would see him in the afternoons carving patiently away at a violin. Months later she heard the first sounds, and all Cangó learned that the doctor was also a musician—but a strange musician, as in everything else. He did not know polkas or *guaranias*. His melodies were sad and distant; they spoke of other lands, other skies.

One day the sound of the violin suddenly stopped. Gabriela straightened up from the broken cross she was repairing in the cemetery and stood thoughtful, as if struck by a premonition. Something unusual had just happened to Serge Rezanov; something no one would ever learn and whose secret he was to carry away with him, as the dead carry a secret to the grave.

While he was playing his foot had slipped and he had fallen against the shelf on which the wooden St. Ignatius stood. The heavy carving crashed to the ground, and the violence of the impact snapped off the pedestal. From the hole there spouted onto the floor coins of gold and silver, pounds, louis, testoons—a small fortune.

Serge Rezanov looked at all this glitter for a long time, not knowing what to do. From inside an old colonial sculpture that a gravedigger had unearthed by sheer chance along the route of who knows what migrations and sufferings, the familiar wink of gold—the memory of a vanished splendor—had reappeared and was forcing itself upon him with the insistence of a fingernail scratching at a scar. The blue eyes were

troubled, on the verge of capitulation. The ascetic's fair locks moved as he bent his head, as he stooped little by little to the floor, to the coins. Serge Rezanov began to pick them up in twitching fingers, with growing desperation.

No one knew, not even Gabriela, for from then on the bamboo door remained hermetically sealed. That is why no one could understand why the doctor now rejected the eggs, the corncakes, the provisions, and asked—demanded—to be paid for his cures with old carvings, with the oldest images his patients could lay their hands on. Serge Rezanov perhaps believed that he was living in a vast, rich region of Jesuit "burials." And the people of Cangó thought the doctor had all at once turned religious, mystic, that he was becoming a saint himself, with his broken sandals, his short threadbare cotton tunic, his long hair, his staff, his dog, and his basket.

"Why, he looks more and more like our blessed St. Roch!" the old women would mutter when they saw him pass. But he had stopped asking for flour at the store; he only asked for rum. He went about trembling and disheveled.

"I think our saint," Matías remarked slyly, "is doing too much looking for Christ in the bottom of the bottle."

He was like that for several months, drunk, mad, starving, and at last he disappeared as if vaporized by his strange anxiety.

Gabriela was the first to see the sundered images. In a crack in the floor she found the gold coin, stained with earth. She washed it and kept it inside her dress. Later all Cangó filed through the log cabin to see the damage. And after that the doctor was "the heretic" who, in a fit of madness, had destroyed the saints.

No one, however, not even the storekeeper, dares scoff at his memory. There is something at the bottom of all this, difficult to understand. The people of Cangó admit that the doctor was not a bad man. His presence lingers, the fascination of his unsociable goodness, of his madness. Gabriela and the dog keep the doctor's shadow in being. They are stronger than Serge Rezanov, who could not be faithful to his will to renunciation.

Only when the crows at the edge of the brook have devoured the dog, and the gravedigger's daughter has her own cross among the casuarina trees, will the shadow of Serge Rezanov vanish forever from the fog raised by the dust and the dew at dawn in the Cangó road. ♦ ♦ ♦





*North Farallones and neighboring rocks are hazard to navigation near San Francisco*

# The Treacherous Farallones

**THE STORY OF THOSE ROCKY ISLANDS OFF THE GOLDEN GATE**

**Curtis M. Wilson**

ABOUT TWENTY-SEVEN MILES outside the Golden Gate of San Francisco Bay, a small group of craggy, fog-enshrouded islands called the Farallones juts out of the Pacific. Even to most San Franciscans, these little-known, relatively inaccessible islands are something of a mystery, although they have belonged to the county since 1872. Their treacherous crags and shoals are familiar chiefly to seafarers as hazards to navigation, but from the mainland, when they can be seen at all, they look like in-

significant specks on the horizon. At night, even the sharp, sweeping beam of the Farallon Light makes little impression on the residents of the thickly populated bay region.

These picturesque but lonely isles rest on the western edge of the continental shelf. Just west of them, the ocean bottom plunges to considerable depths, while landward lies the broad, shallow Gulf of the Farallones, discovered in 1542 by the Spaniards, who called it the Gulf

of Pines. The islands are a high section of a large granitic dike that extends from the neighboring Coast Ranges. They stretch for about eleven miles from northwest to southeast in a distinct chain composed of two isolated rocks and two principal groups of islets. Constant pounding by the ocean waves accounts for their rugged, foreboding aspect.

Sir Francis Drake reportedly landed on the Farallones on July 24, 1578, after touching at the mainland a short distance above the Golden Gate, but the English failed to seize the opportunity to occupy the region. It was the Spaniards who really took note of the islands in their frantic eighteenth-century search for a string of harbors along the Pacific Coast of the still largely unexplored North American continent. They baptized them *Los Farallones de los Frailes* (*farallón* being a high, pointed rock protruding from the sea, and the *frailes* the missionary friars). Magnificent San Francisco Bay, overlooked by so many seaborne expeditions, was finally discovered in November 1769 by the Gaspar de Portola party that came overland from the tiny hamlet of San Diego, and nearly six years later the Spanish galleon *San Carlos* was the first to negotiate the strait connecting bay and ocean. The Farallones then became widely advertised landmarks for the approach to the Golden Gate, both for coastal vessels and for ships making the long and dangerous haul from the Philippines.

Although England and France were also in the race to explore and establish forts and posts on the western shores of the continent, only Russia disputed Spain's claims to the coastal belt. The Muscovites crossed the Bering Strait from Siberia, penetrated into Alaska, and pushed southward along the mountainous coastline to the shores of San Francisco Bay itself, bringing two great powers face to face across the narrow watery ribbon of the Golden Gate.

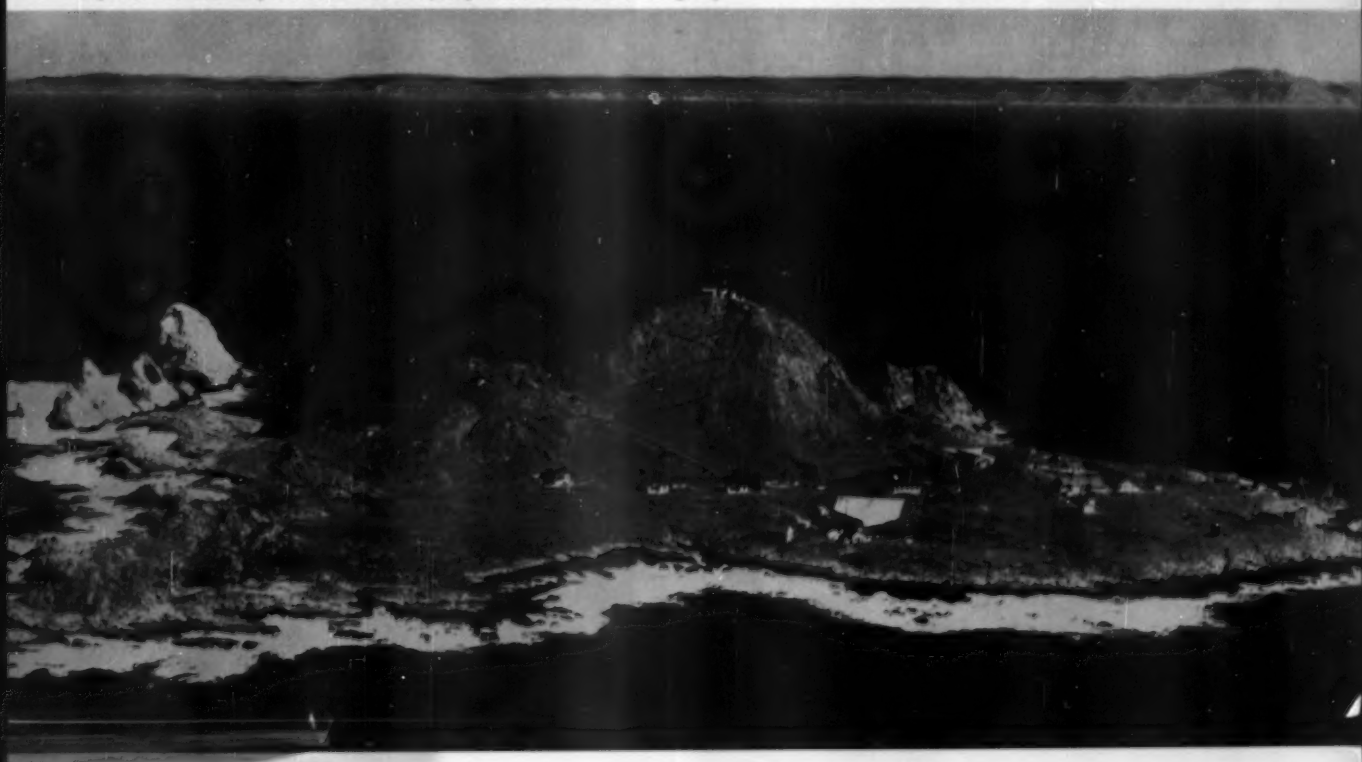
*Lighthouse stands atop Southeast Farallon, only habitable island in the group*

The Russians, however, seemed more interested in obtaining furs than in saving Indian souls as the Spaniards sought to do. They built a fort on the mainland at Bodega Bay, about fifty miles north of Spain's northernmost garrison at the Presidio of San Francisco. They also established a station on the largest of the Farallones, Southeast Farallon, primarily to gather seal and sea-otter skins for the Moscow market, but the unrestricted killing rapidly depleted the herds and forced abandonment of the post early in the nineteenth century.

After the Mexican War, the Farallones went to the United States, along with upper California. New interest in them was aroused by the discovery of gold in central California and the stampede to the gold fields from all over the world in 1849.

San Francisco, the outfitting center for multitudes of would-be miners and camp followers, suffered a serious food shortage, and bakeries and restaurants were willing to pay a handsome price for anything remotely resembling a chicken egg. Gathering the eggs laid by the countless sea and land birds that nested on the Farallones soon grew into a highly profitable, but dangerous, undertaking. Some "egggers" lost their lives by falling on the jagged, slippery rocks and plunging into the sea. By the 1880's, egg supplies on the islands had dwindled to the point where the venture was no longer worthwhile.

The gold rush, by stimulating the volume of shipping entering San Francisco Bay, dramatized the perils of the Farallones shoals and led to loud demands for the erection of a lighthouse. After much agitation by merchants and shipowners, the government settled on Southeast Farallon as the site for one of the first, and today one of the best-known, lighthouses on the Pacific Coast. Other navigational aids were added from time to time, including a unique fog horn constructed in 1859 and operated entirely by the force of the waves, and a re-







*It's a long climb to the light. Before guard rail was installed, keepers often had to crawl up on hands and knees in high winds*

cently installed radio beacon.

But the shipwrecks continued. Within three years after completion of the lighthouse, the *Lucas* was wrecked on Southeast Farallon itself. The *Franconia* came to grief in the summer of 1882, and the list continued to grow despite all precautions. As recently as 1944 the *Henry Bergh* was driven onto the rocky islets.

Because of vicious rivalry among the egg gatherers, their growing hostility toward the lighthouse keepers, and the rapid destruction of bird life, federal authorities had to step in. In 1909, after long study of the problem, the entire Farallones group was set aside as a wildlife sanctuary under the control of the Lighthouse Service. Authority over the area passed to the U.S. Coast Guard under a 1939 consolidation. While still politically part of the city and county of San Francisco, the islands remain remote from local control and can be visited only by permission of the authorities.

Noonday Rock, at the northern end of the chain, received its name from the clipper ship *Noonday*, which struck this peak of a submerged mountain and sank in 1863. The bare, precipitous islets and wave-worn rocks of the Northwest Farallones, next in line, are practically inaccessible, since they offer no anchorage. The highest spire in that group rises some 155 feet.

Another isolated rock, Middle Farallon, also known as Four Mile Rock, is especially hazardous to ships approaching the Golden Gate from the west and northwest in bad weather, for it is only 150 feet in diameter and rises little more than twenty feet above the rushing, swirling currents.

The Southeast Farallones cluster around the only habitable island, which boasts the highest point in the entire chain, Tower Hill, site of the lighthouse. This is

Southeast Farallon, about a mile long and half a mile wide. It is split by a narrow gorge, and an almost unusable footbridge spans the violent sea stream (the "Jordan River") that churns and boils through the gap. Both the nearly 350-foot-high Tower Hill on the larger eastern section and the 220-foot peak of the western section are parts of a soft, crumbling ridge that has been partly torn away by the ocean, winds, and driving rains, leaving a small plain or terrace about forty-five feet above the water, and sharp fragments roll down the slopes to form boulder fields. Short, stubby headlands and sharp crags mark the shore line, with occasional small sandy beaches at the head of surge channels. The powerful waves have carved out caves, grottoes, sea arches, and basins that offer excellent opportunities for studying marine life.

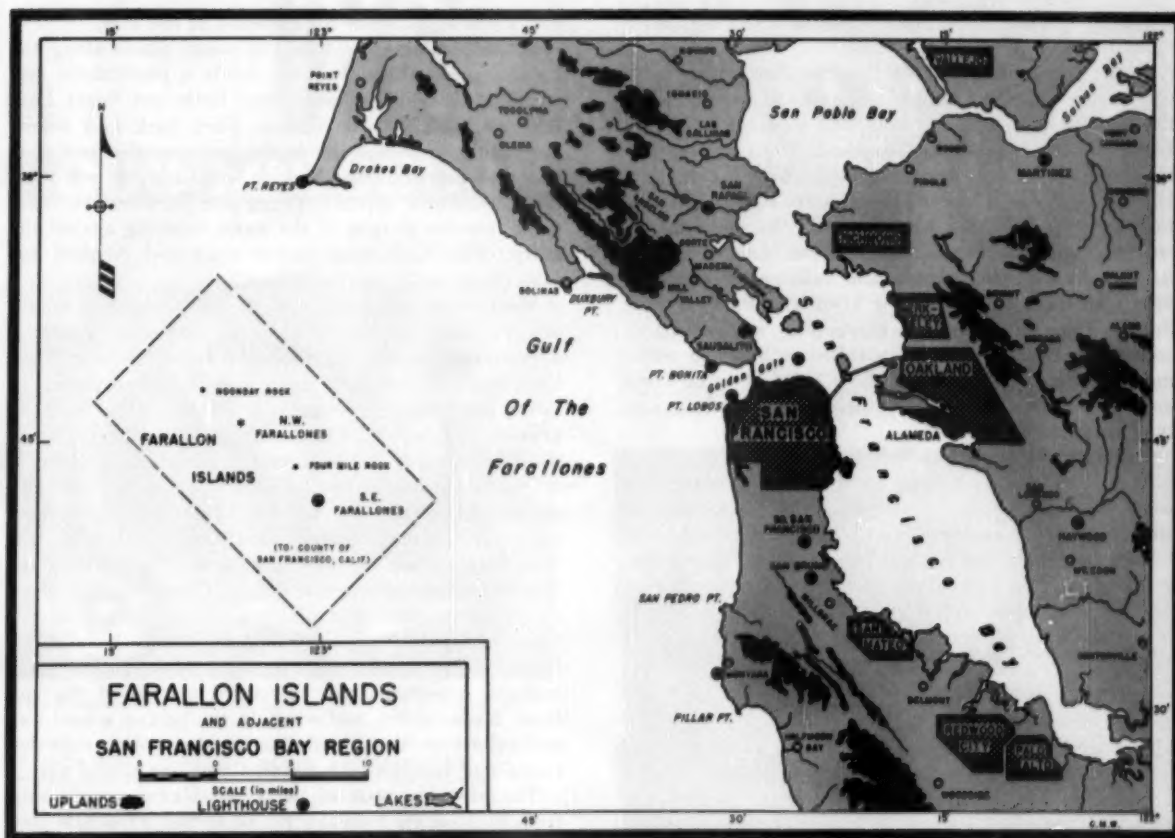
At the northern end of the island, Arch Rock, Finger Rock, and Sugar Loaf Isle help form Fisherman's Cove, with one of the few sandy beaches. There anchorage can be secured in moderate weather and cargo put ashore by lighter at North Landing with the help of a derrick and landing platform. This point is connected with the Coast Guard station and the alternative East Landing by a narrow gauge railway.



*Sea lions thrive on Seal Rock. Entire Farallones group is wild life sanctuary*



*Transferring cargo from supply ship to landing stage is tricky operation in rough weather*



Sugar Loaf Isle, largest of the detached rocks, rises sharply to about 185 feet. A heavy covering of guano makes the domed summit a riot of blended colors. Elsewhere, mosses and lichens add their touch of beauty to the otherwise dark, forbidding rocks. Other islets adjoining the main island are Seal Rock, Aolone Isle, and Sea Lion Islet.

There are no streams on the island, and the mineral content of the few springs makes their water unsuitable for drinking, so rain water, caught on large concrete aprons and stored in cisterns, offers the only potable supply. The aprons also serve as tennis courts and emergency landing fields for Coast Guard helicopters. Whenever necessary, the natural water supply is supplemented from the mainland.

Although there is a general drift of the ocean waters from the northwest—undoubtedly part of the Japanese Current—some limited but extremely dangerous local currents swirl about the Farallones. They probably stem from the currents or “streams” moving in and out of the constricted Golden Gate. As they pass through the strait, those currents may reach a speed of slightly over five miles per hour in the flood tide and nearly seven miles per hour in the ebb tide.

Cold, thick, and penetrating fogs, driven by fiercely howling winds, sweep across the Farallones, mainly during the cool summers. Blotting out the entire chain, they may linger for days or even weeks at a time. July and

August are the worst months. Often the fogs blanket an area stretching all the way from the Aleutian Islands off southwestern Alaska to the tip of Lower California.

During the only other definite season, the bleak winter, periods of thick, murky weather bring frequent rain squalls and occasional fogs of short duration. Moderate temperatures prevail throughout the year, averaging 53 degrees, but winds are strong because of the islands’ completely exposed position. In heavy weather, the ocean batters the Farallones with unbridled fury, drenching everything with tons of water. The isles quiver under the impact, which sounds like a naval bombardment.

This hostile climate and the meager volcanic soil limits the natural vegetation on the Farallones to short, matlike grasses and mosses, a few lichens, and several flowering weeds, one of which, the clinging Farallon Weed, is widely used by birds in building nests. Other species were accidentally imported along with shipments of hay and grain for the lone mule that used to pull the little flat railway cars and tote supplies up to the lighthouse. The only trees are a few Monterey cypresses brought in from California. The Coast Guard families, not immune to the human longing for flowers and a tillable plot of ground, have planted tiny gardens, using a mixture of guano and igneous materials found on the spot and soil collected in the San Francisco Bay region. They manage to produce a few hardy vegetables and flowers. Geraniums fare exceptionally well, and mari-

golds and nasturtiums don't seem to mind the harsh conditions.

With the area now a wildlife sanctuary, the fauna cannot be disturbed except for scientific purposes. So the islands have attracted countless land birds and sea fowls and herds of Steller sea lions. The chain has the largest sea-lion rookery on the whole West Coast of the United States, and one of the country's biggest island bird refuges. Birds begin to arrive at the Farallones in spring; Southeast Farallon attracts the most because of its size. At times the islands and rocks are literally covered with them, and the air is filled with their screams. Sea fowl are outstanding in numbers as well as variety, with murres, gulls, cormorants, tufted puffins, and guillemots most common. Most of these build nests of weeds and kelp, but the murres lay their pear-shaped eggs on the bare rocks or in crevices.

Abundant fish in the surrounding waters supply ample food for the sea fowl and a good catch for boats from nearby ports. Species of sea trout and rock fish are taken in sizable numbers, and in the deeper waters to the west small barracuda and blue cod are caught. Sev-

eral kinds of mollusks are collected at low tide.

While sea lions are found in many places along the Pacific Coast, the size of the herds is particularly outstanding on the Farallones. Seal Rock and Sugar Loaf Isle are their favorite haunts. They bark and bellow incessantly as they frolic in the water or slip and slide over the barren rocks, basking on the shore when the elusive sunshine appears. Young and old somehow manage to survive in spite of the waves crashing against the sharp cliffs. California harbor seals and Alaskan fur seals occasionally join the throng.

Many years ago a few rabbits were brought to Southeast Farallon, perhaps in the hope that there would be a profitable market for them in San Francisco. They have roamed and multiplied at will, and attempts to exterminate them have proved fruitless. They feed on grasses and weeds, but sometimes the forage is so scanty that many die of starvation and related diseases.

The harsh environment of the Farallones has naturally discouraged settlement, and the Coast Guard personnel who maintain and operate the navigational aids, and their families, are the only inhabitants. Their houses are located on the southeastern side of Tower Hill to receive maximum sunshine and protection from the raw, sometimes hurricane-force northwesterly winds. Isolated by federal regulations and location, the islanders find their solitude accentuated by the weird sounds of the sea lions, birds, waves, and wind. In the past, a school was maintained on the island, but present policy calls for transfer of families with children reaching school age.

The biweekly visit of the Coast Guard supply ship from its base on Treasure Island in San Francisco Bay offers the only diversion in the station's otherwise monotonous routine. Except in emergencies, the residents depend on the ship for almost all the necessities of life. Rapid changes of weather make cargo-landing a somewhat hasty and novel operation. The supply vessel anchors offshore near one of the two landings, and the cargo is lowered in heavy nets over the side to a waiting small boat, taken to the rocky shore, and hoisted by boom to the landing stage. This maneuver demands skillful seamanship, especially when the seas are moderately rough. Passengers, also ferried by small boat, have a choice of clambering up an iron ladder fastened to the waveswept rocks or of being hoisted up in much the same way as the cargo. The anchorage offers no protection from the seas, so the supply ship does not dally. In really rough weather, nothing can be landed at all, and weeks may pass with no contact between the island and the mainland except by telephone and radio. Before these modern communications were available, of course, life on the island was much more complicated than today.

On Southeast Farallon there are no roads, only footpaths. The narrow-gauge railway is still in operation; the Coast Guard personnel themselves furnish the necessary "mule power."

Federal regulations will doubtless continue to keep the Farallones from public view, but Farallon Light will still pierce the darkness to warn mariners of the perils of these weird, jagged rocks and islets. ♦ ♦ ♦



White houses of Coast Guard personnel offer attractive contrast to dark, barren rocks of Tower Hill

Below: Looking toward west end of Southeast Farallon, cut off from main section by a swirling ocean stream





# OAS

## FOTO FLASHES



After Guatemala became the final OAS country to deposit the instrument of ratification of the Inter-American Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance and the nineteenth to do the same with the OAS Charter, its Ambassador, José Luis Cruz-Salazar, made a statement to the press. Looking on (at table, seated) were OAS Council Chairman José A. Mora, Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States; Secretary General Carlos Dávila; and OAS Ambassador John C. Dreier of the United States. Standing are two Guatemalan embassy officials; Carlos Soto, second secretary, and Manuel Eduardo Rodríguez, cultural attaché.



Upon his retirement as Ambassador of Honduras to the OAS and the United States, Dr. Rafael Heliodoro Valle was given the Cross of Boyacá, Colombia's highest decoration. Conferring the honor at his Washington residence was OAS Ambassador César Tulio Delgado of Colombia.



During his recent visit to California, OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila (left) was interviewed by Professor Ronald Hilton, cultural director of The International University of the Air, broadcast from roughly 6:00 to 9:30 P.M. EST daily by KGEI, San Francisco, the fifty-kilowatt short-wave station of the General Electric Company. Dr. Dávila was telling Dr. Hilton, who is also director of Hispano-American Studies at Stanford University, about the *copihue*, the national flower of Chile, his native land.



Accompanied by Franz Rupp at the piano, the Ecuadorean soprano Hilda Olgisser recently gave a song recital at the Pan American Union. Miss Olgisser, a graduate of the Central University in Quito, first studied in Rumania, later in Ecuador, and finally in the United States. She has appeared in recitals in Quito and New York. Her PAU program included selections from European and Latin American composers.

Congratulations from two ambassadors were in order for Mrs. Clarence Norton Goodwin, chairman of the White House Spanish-Portuguese Study Group, of which she was also one of the founders. The occasion: the awarding to her of the Ecuadorean Medal of Merit with the grade of *comendador* by Dr. José R. Chiriboga (right), Ecuadorean envoy to the OAS and the United States, at his Washington residence. Joining in the ceremony is U.S. Ambassador to Ecuador Sheldon T. Mills.





## *a word with* **HUMBERTO VALENZUELA**

"VIGOROUS, ACTIVE service clubs like the Lions can do more toward strengthening international ties and uniting the peoples of the Americas than either diplomacy or tourist travel." That is the conviction of Humberto Valenzuela, Chilean banker and industrialist, who passed through Washington recently en route to the Lions International Convention in Atlantic City, where he will take office as president of the association—the first South American ever to hold the top post. Mr. Valenzuela's own experience bears him out. Mutual antagonisms were a long time dying down in Bolivia, Peru, and Chile, who fought the War of the Pacific from 1879 to 1883. But in 1948, when the Lima club sponsored the first Lions group in Chile, 126 Peruvians came down to Santiago for the celebration. Nowadays Lions from the once rival lands lustily sing each other's national anthems, and the three countries' clubs are linked as the Andean Area, whose bulletin—founded by Mr. Valenzuela, incidentally—keeps them posted on Lion activities and community projects throughout the region. The Chilean club, in turn, sponsored extension of the Lions to Uruguay, Paraguay, Brazil, and, just recently, Argentina.

Launched in the United States thirty-seven years ago, the Lions movement was at first limited to this country and Canada. Later it spread to Mexico, Cuba—a Cuban was international president in 1948—Central America, and Europe, where the first club was started in Stockholm about the same time the Santiago group was organized. Today there are 11,400 clubs with over half a million members in sixty-seven countries.

Mr. Valenzuela was the first president of the original Santiago club, but not by his own doing. "I was in Lima when the club was being formed," he explained, "and a Cuban Lion who happened to run into me in the hotel

insisted I join. I told him I was so busy that I didn't have time for anything more, but he finally persuaded me to sign up with the assurance that I was not assuming any obligations." (Already active in Rotary, Mr. Valenzuela was general manager of the Bank of Chile and has been president of many companies, including hotels, the biggest copper manufacturing firm in South America, and a concern that produces advertising films, as well as partner in a refrigeration business and in one of the member firms of the Santiago Stock Exchange. He has also represented his country on diplomatic and economic missions, having served as delegate to the Congress of Paris and to the UN Economic Commission for Latin America.) "But when I got back to Santiago," he went on, "I attended a luncheon and found officers were being elected, and they chose me as president. I explained that I did not see how I could accept that responsibility, but after an intermission of fifteen minutes they voted again, with the same unanimous result. I couldn't turn them down again."

Lion Valenzuela plunged wholeheartedly into his new job, and in its first year the Santiago club took top prize in a worldwide competition for building membership.

As elsewhere, the Chilean Lions draw no distinctions of race, creed, or politics—except that they are frankly anti-communist—and politics and religion are ruled out as subjects of discussion at their meetings. Keeping men from talking politics in Chile, where it sometimes seems that everyone has his own political party, is no mean achievement, Mr. Valenzuela admitted. The clubs concentrate on friendship and public service.

I asked about some of the projects they have carried out in Chile. Here are just a few: In the community of San Miguel, near Santiago, three thousand families had no school for their children. Lions raised five million pesos to build one, which serves a thousand pupils. In Temuco, in the South, a clinic for premature babies was recently opened. Still further south, in Punta Arenas, almost in the Antarctic, they built a health center for the children to offset the rigors of the climate and lack of sunshine. In the town of Vicuña, Lions restored the birthplace of Gabriela Mistral, Chile's Nobel Prize-winning poetess. The Santiago club founded an eyeglass bank that collects unused or outgrown lenses and frames from the public, classifies and repairs them, examines poor people's eyes to find the right pair, and distributes a hundred pairs a month, thus restoring to many the chance to earn a living.

As president, Mr. Valenzuela will devote himself full time to Lions affairs at international headquarters in Chicago and in travels through many countries, giving up all his personal business for the term. He points out that his election was a friendly international gesture on the part of U.S. Lions, who make up a big majority in the balloting. And he is determined that the Lions shall draw the countries of the Hemisphere even closer together. U.S. delegates can start by getting acquainted with one thousand who are coming from Latin American countries—including 160 from Chile—to the Atlantic City roundup, June 22-25.—George C. Compton

# OAS birthday party

HOW THE ORGANIZATION CELEBRATED  
ITS SIXTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY



The U.S. Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, addressed a protocolary session of the OAS Council. He is pictured here with (from left) Lieutenant Colonel José Luis Cruz-Salazar, Guatemalan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States; Dr. José T. Barón, Cuban Interim Representative on the OAS Council; Romeo Agüero, former alternate representative of Honduras on the OAS Council; and OAS Council Chairman José A. Mora, Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States.



Pan American Week started off with the opening of the Pan American Coffee Bureau exhibit, attended by Miss María Cristina Zuleta, daughter of Dr. Eduardo Zuleta Angel, Colombian Ambassador to the United States.



A trio of ambassadors pauses at one of the photo-murals in the Inca highway exhibit: (from left) Dr. Fernando Berckemeyer, Peruvian envoy to the United States; OAS Council Chairman José A. Mora, Uruguayan Ambassador to the OAS and the United States; and Dr. Juan Bautista de Laval, Peruvian representative on the OAS Council. During their Empire (1200-1533 A.D.), the Incas built a magnificent system of roads that stretched from what is now Colombia through Ecuador to Chile and Argentina. In 1952, the Inca Highway Expedition in association with the American Geographical Society began a three-year project to retrace the roads, which is the subject of the exhibit.



The startling fifteen-year-old prodigy Miss Judit Jaimes of Venezuela gave a piano recital of selections ranging from Bach to Villa-Lobos. Miss Jaimes gave her first concert at six, came to the United States nine years ago, and is studying today at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. She has appeared as soloist with the Venezuelan Symphony in Caracas, the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the Robin Hood Dell Orchestra, among others.

The *jarabe tapatio*, better known as the Mexican hat dance, was among the dances performed over a national television hook-up on NBC. The dancers, made up of PAU and Washington embassy personnel, wore the native costumes of their respective countries. Costumes of the Americas from the fine arts collection of the International Business Machines Corporation were also on display at the Pan American Union.





## points of view



### PICKING ON ELECTRIC GUITARS

EMMANUEL VÃO GÔGO airs his indignant opinion of new-fangled electric guitars in the *Revista da Música Popular*, a comparatively young monthly magazine published in Rio de Janeiro:

"I don't know the first thing about music, but if ignorance . . . were to stop a journalist from stating his opinion, newspapers would come out blank. That being the case, I'll talk about music. . . . I speak of what I see, just as a poor man enjoys what he eats. Naturally, for lack of erudition, I tend toward conservatism, just as, for lack of 'blue blood,' I lean toward beans with rice and dried beef. . . .

"I detest the electric guitar. I detest it from the standpoint of both appearance and sound; I find it vulgar as a musical instrument and impractical as a working tool. Give me the good, old-fashioned guitar . . . , the mandolin of my childhood days, for those instruments penetrate my soul with their sound . . . without bringing to mind any grotesque images. But the electric guitar—please, my friends! It doesn't even fill the bill as a portable instrument. An electric piano might be all right. The piano is a stationary instrument, . . . as heavy as the elephant it resembles (four legs, ivory teeth, and so on). It can stay in its corner, prudishly hiding its electric plug. But an

electric guitar is both incongruous and dangerous. Its thousands of feet of cord winding along the floor in the darkness of a night club cause at least three broken ribs per person daily. Besides, the guitar was made to be played at the loved one's window, even though nowadays loved ones are apt to be on the tenth floor . . . and may prefer to listen to their sweethearts on the radio. . . . I can't imagine the love-sick young man lugging his dynamo and his cords along the middle of the street, possibly tying up traffic and getting into trouble with the police through his humble protestations of love.

"Furthermore, in cities like Rio and



Author's own version of new-fangled electric guitars.—*Revista da Música Popular*, Rio de Janeiro

São Paulo, there is the constant risk that the artist might have to make ridiculous excuses to the audience: 'I'm terribly sorry, but I can't play because the electricity has gone off.' That's bad, especially from the commercial point of view, since the ensuing darkness offers the artist a better opportunity to charm the audience with sweet music. . . .

"There is also the possibility of a sudden drop in current: 'Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for our guitarist's performance, but it so happens that the water level at Ribeirão das Lages Dam is way down.' This brings to mind an important question—does an electrical guitarist give his accompanist his key or his voltage?

"Come, come, try it at 120 volts (A major)."

"Unfortunately, I can't play with you. My guitar is 240 amperes (F sharp) and I forgot to bring the transformer."

"No, my friends, I'm old-fashioned. I still prefer the days when the guitar was played by steam."

### DOLCE FAR NIENTE

ARMANDO HERRERA might well revolutionize our whole modern way of life with his ideas on "the importance of doing nothing." His article appears in *Cahuide*, bimonthly magazine of Lima, Peru:

"I frankly admit that to my way of thinking the most useful and interesting men are those who spend their lives doing absolutely nothing. . . . Let's stop one of these . . . professional idlers, who seem to abound in our country, and ask . . . : 'What do you do? How do you spend your time?'

"His clear, forthright reply will be: 'Nothing.'

"Is it possible for a man to do absolutely nothing when there is so much to do in life?"

"Just like I said, I do nothing. I get along fine, and I guess the world will go right on spinning."

". . . The odd British saying that time is money, which has been drilled into us from earliest childhood, . . . may produce excellent results in England or the United States, Denmark or Germany . . . , but we should not forget that we are Peruvians. . . .

"Peru is full of these men who live

in perpetual idleness and who, without realizing it, may accomplish a lot for others who work their fingers to the bone, as well as for society as a whole. I am convinced that this is irrefutable and will in no way surprise alert people who examine things carefully. A while ago one of these observers, whom I esteem highly for his keen mind, told me:

"It seems impossible. The present state of human progress, full of so many surprises, is due in great part not to men's diligent labors but to the complete idleness in which many of them live. . . . Being completely idle and free from obligations doesn't mean absence of spiritual and mental activity. . . . When a man appears to do nothing he may be doing a lot."

". . . Now, if we follow the belief of . . . those restless beings who worship riches and forever strive to accumulate a fortune, we will see work as a marvelous virtue that dignifies man and produces positive benefits. And do you know which people recommend unending work? The rich men. That's the only advice they give the poor.

"It has been obvious for a long time that work brings on many inconveniences, originates disturbances that cause social unrest, and starts quarrels at home. . . . For example, what causes the conflicts that arise with alarming regularity between employers and employees and lead to strikes . . . ? Work, nothing else. At first glance, the conclusion seems absurd, but in my opinion is convincingly logical: By eliminating work, social strife and those awful strikes . . . would cease . . . and harmony would reign among men, which is, after all, our ideal.

"And those tiffs at home are easily explained. Good husbands—especially if they are the model husbands that are so numerous in Peru—always use extra work at the office as an excuse for having a gay old time in certain clubs or heaven-knows-what shady places. Therefore, I think it advisable for the men to stop working and for the wives to persuade their husbands to . . . stay home and be caressed affectionately. This may be the reason many men prefer to spend all their time doing nothing.

". . . With their arms crossed, their

eyes on infinity, and their imaginations unfettered, . . . men often succeed in finding new ways to happiness. After all, what is happiness? According to the encyclopedists, it is the spiritual state that comes from the possession of worldly goods, the enjoyment of a job well done, the pleasure of being satisfied. This definition may be all right for men who work unceasingly to arrive at such an end, but I am sure that if the same question were asked a man who lives in perpetual idleness, he would quickly and unhesitatingly reply:

"Happiness is what we are always seeking but never find."

### DRESSING UP ART

THE FOLLOWING tongue-in-cheek article appeared in *Mañana*, Mexican weekly magazine, under the byline of Francisco A. de Icaza, Jr.:

". . . Diana the Huntress needs a bra and panties. All through the centuries artists have behaved most indiscreetly. Being bohemian . . . and extravagant, they delight in scandalizing people. But children, old people, ladies should not see such sights, especially those that adorn public places, like the Vatican, where—of all places!—there are naked barbarians by just such an artist, Michelangelo.

"The contemporary idea of art is completely erroneous. We admire headless, armless things: the Venus de Milo, the Winged Victory of Samothrace. An unshaven Moses, and with beards so unsanitary! A trouserless, barefoot David. . . . Rubens has always been a disgrace, painting only fat, completely nude women. And what is most unpardonable is painting the angels, symbols of purity, with nothing left to the imagination!

"I think it's about time to form a society for the protection of works of art—a society made up of ladies and gentlemen with lots of money and plenty of free time to get rid of this licentiousness, to dictate to the artist what he ought to do and how he ought to do it, to tell him not only to limit himself to studying the problems of art in Mexico, but to fight to have some sort of clothing put on all the works of art in the Vatican and in the museums of the world.

"Furthermore, art should be logical.

I cannot imagine a nude woman out hunting in bad weather. She would freeze to death!

"A few days ago a friend of mine in Los Angeles, California, wrote telling me that he had heard talk about the Venus de Milo and had ordered a copy from a European art dealer. He was tremendously surprised to receive a Venus without arms and immediately returned it to the firm that had dared send him merchandise in such bad condition. To be sure, this respected dealer . . . at once sent him the Venus with arms. What a clever fellow my friend is!

"All the barbarian empires at the height of their warring . . . have tended to undress their works of art. This is probably due to the influence of the soldiers who came home with unhealthy ideas. I am sure the Italian people must be ashamed of all the indecencies in their art, though they



Project to clothe Diana the Huntress, as seen by artist Jorge Carreño.—*Mañana*, Mexico City

may not admit it to avoid further besmirching their modesty. Good heavens! If Freud were alive, he would put all of today's artists in an insane asylum for the infinite nudes they paint. . . .

"One of the most immoral of all is the Mona Lisa, by one Leonardo da Vinci. She has such overwhelmingly seductive eyes that, if I were director of the Louvre, I myself would paint dark glasses on her. . . ."

## BRITISH ETIQUETTE

THIS SQUID, which also comes from *Mañana*, is credited to the same wit:

"Paco Icaza tells about the Englishman who went to his club, one of the most exclusive in London, and said to the manager:

"I heard the statutes have been modified and that ladies will be admitted from now on. That's excellent! I'm going to bring my girl friend for dinner tomorrow night."

"Oh, you can't do that," replied the manager. "Only married ladies can come in. Of course, it'll be perfectly all right if your girl friend happens to be the wife of one of our members."



"Don't you think you could walk better if you didn't ogle the salesgirls?"—Círculo Social de Cuba, Havana

## HYPNOTIC CURES

AILMENTS with no apparent physical cause—ranging from simple headaches to blindness or paralysis—have long been a mystery to laymen and medical men alike. An article in the Colombian magazine *Cromos* deals with one phase of the fairly recent emphasis on psychosomatic medicine and the tendency to effect cures by treating the mind directly:

"After gaining popularity at the end of the last century, hypnotism was more or less lost to science and fell into the hands of charlatans, who turned it into a circus spectacle. But in recent years more and more scientists have again become interested in its therapeutic possibilities. Thanks to hypnotism, countless cases of battle fatigue, alcoholism, migraine headache, insomnia, sexual disturbance, mental depression, and so on, have been cured. Even painless childbirth has become possible. Some physicians have helped overweight patients to reduce by convincing them, through hypnotic suggestion, that fattening foods taste bad.

"It seems that hypnotism can be put to even wider use in psychosomatic

medicine, as shown by experiments carried out by several European doctors.

"For example, a Stockholm physician . . . made a hypnotized person believe that a dead match was a red-hot iron. With it he traced a letter A on the man's arm, and a welt appeared, just as if he had been branded, except that in this case the mark disappeared.

"Doctor Jores of Hamburg states that 75 per cent of a group of asthmatics whom he treated with hypnotism were completely cured. Of the remaining 25 per cent, he says: 'They are people who need their illness, who don't want to be cured.'

"Professor P. Thorsen of France tells how he cured himself of the gripe in less than 36 hours, resorting only to psychosomatic techniques. . . .

"Two Austrian physicians, Drs. Hilig and Hoff, have demonstrated through several experiments that the antitoxins manufactured by the body are considerably increased by the self-preservation instinct. Therefore, a strong will to live can in itself be a perfect cure, even for ailments that seem unrelated to psychological problems.

"Psychosomatic medicine, along with . . . hypnotism, is progressing at an extraordinary rate, especially in Europe. . . . But science will still have to reckon with a considerable obstacle: only one out of every three people can be hypnotized."

## OUT OF THE PAST

IN AN ARTICLE in *Nicaragua Indigena*, official organ of the Nicaraguan National Indian Institute, Juan de Dios Vanegas points to a curious relic of his country's colorful past:

"European civilization has still not conquered us completely. Like a stream deflected by a stone, it has side-stepped the native customs that are close to the people's hearts. Instead of wanting them destroyed, we revel in them, because they recall a romantic way of life, rare and sweet . . . , that we wish we had shared.

"The nearness of the modern cities to the Indian settlements has often meant that the natives have been varnished with city ways. Little by little, languages, costumes, and religions have been lost, yet indigenous customs still survive that, like tombstone markings,

show where a civilization is buried.

"This disappearance is quicker in our city of León, where a single street separates us from the village of Subtiava, a leading Spanish colonial magistracy, with the oldest Catholic shrine still standing in this country. . . .

"Subtiava has wonderful ruins . . . and its own cemetery. This holy ground is being covered with white gravestones and wooden crosses, for the Indians are now Christians. . . . It used to be an open area, but because of the encroaching farm lands it has since been enclosed so that their ancestors' resting places will not be desecrated. When the woodland crowds in with thick undergrowth, the Indians clear it in a solemn ceremony:

"The elders invite everyone for a specific day, and just at dawn they come with machetes and spades. The harmonious beating of a few resonant drums grows stronger and animates the crowd. . . . Spurred on by the powerful rhythm . . . everyone happily attacks the weeds in the clean-up job. . . . The machetes strike the weeds and the spades hit the earth in time with the drum beat. . . . It seems that the ground itself rises and that the dead shudder in their graves in the macabre movements of a subterranean dance.

"The Indian women, with their showy shawls of iridescent silk and the baskets on their heads . . . , come along with some tasty, refreshing *tiste* (a beverage made from corn, cacao, cinnamon, and water) for the workers.

"By the time the sun is blazing on high, the cemetery has been cleared and the piles of brush are left to dry out, later to be burned."



Tourist: "Is this place healthful? Are the people in good shape?" Resident: "Mister, this place is so healthful we had to kill a tourist to start the cemetery."—Caretta, Rio de Janeiro





"You're wrong, Ganimedes. To be truly happy a man must have a car, a wife, and a lighter that all work."—Caretta, Rio de Janeiro

## ADVERTISING ECUADOR

AN ARTICLE in *El Pais*, a fairly new monthly magazine published in Quito, promotes a scheme to tell the world that Ecuador is "much more than just a wide place in the torrid zone":

"... It is no exaggeration to say that in this very Hemisphere people know pitifully little about Ecuador. Generally, what is known is either limited, muddled, or untrue; sometimes it is ... detrimental and purely fictional, as in those cursed products of Jack London's wild imagination. ... Unfortunately, stories and novels that combine hair-raising, exotic, or fanciful situations with true-to-life characters have universal appeal. And, for a time, London's works were widely circulated in the United States and other English-speaking countries, doing us a serious wrong that we have not bothered to right. This, along with our what-does-it-matter-to-me attitude ... , has kept many people ... from really getting to know us and has fostered the belief that Ecuador has not progressed with the rest of Latin America.

"Ask almost any U.S. citizen ... who is visiting here for the first time his impression of our country. You will discover to your surprise that he was amazed to find cities with all modern conveniences ... and not to find ... primitive natives who shoot poisoned arrows at a white man on sight. ...

"Any Ecuadoreans who have visited out-of-the-way places in the United States or Europe ... will tell you that ... [some people] even think that Ecuador is just part of another country or a place ... where the sun's

rays are killing. ... We cannot shift the blame [for these misconceptions], since the responsibility has been and is ours alone. ...

"There have been several attempts to organize and maintain the Department of Public Information and Tourism ... , but unfortunately they either have not received the necessary support or have been written off the books. ...

"Cuba, Mexico, and all the Caribbean countries count ... on a sizable income from United States and Canadian visitors. ... Obviously, these nations profit from their nearness ... and therefore can more easily attract the visitors. However, it is also obvious that ... more and more travelers are going to Colombia, Venezuela, Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Uruguay, but skipping Ecuador. ...

"How can we win international moral support and demand respect for our rights as a nation if we are unknown? How can we gain adequate investment of foreign capital to bolster our industries and increase our production unless we publicize our resources? How can we expect fairer treatment in foreign trade and in dealings with other countries if we never bother to advertise our products. ... ? How can we hope for admiration of our natural beauties, our landscape and climate, our countless spas, our attractive cities and mountains if we have no visitors who appreciate such things?

"So a Department of Public Information and Tourism is indispensable. It must have both official and popular support and be completely divorced from politics. ... We must encourage and develop our internal tourism to the utmost, so that Ecuadoreans, especially the youngsters and students, will ... gain a thorough insight into their land. ... "

## ALL'S FAIR

THIS TIDBIT appeared in the monthly magazine *Avante*, published in Tegucigalpa, Honduras:

"When Corporal Pérez left for the Pacific, his sweetheart cried her eyes out and swore her everlasting love for him. For two long years he carried this image in his heart. Then one day he received an icy note that said: 'Dear Mr. Pérez: I have decided that I can no longer wait for you. The banker's son wants to marry me and has already bought me an ermine coat. Please return my photograph.'

"Corporal Pérez was furious for a couple of days. Then he gathered up all the other soldiers' photos, including pictures of mothers, grandmothers, movie stars, and even semi-nude natives. He sent the whole collection to his ex-sweetheart with a penciled note: 'I can't remember exactly who you are, but if your picture is among these, please take it and send the rest back to me.'"

## Answers to Quiz on page 43

- (1) George Town, Cayman Islands—Great Britain (also Georgetown, British Guiana).
- (2) Kingston, Jamaica—Great Britain.
- (3) Willemstad, Curaçao—The Netherlands.
- (4) Charlotte Amalie, Virgin Islands—U.S.A.
- (5) Philipsburg, St. Maarten—shared by France and The Netherlands.
- (6) Charlestown, Nevis—Great Britain.
- (7) Plymouth, Montserrat—Great Britain.
- (8) Oranjestad, Aruba—The Netherlands.
- (9) Saint John's, Antigua—Great Britain.
- (10) Basseterre, Guadeloupe—France (also Basseterre, St. Kitts—Great Britain).
- (11) Roseau, Dominica—Great Britain.
- (12) Castries, St. Lucia—Great Britain.
- (13) Kralendijk, Bonaire—The Netherlands.
- (14) Kingstown, St. Vincent—Great Britain.

## CRISTOBAL



—El Nacional, Caracas



# books

## A SEA OF STORIES

Paulo Rónai

ONE SUMMER EVENING twelve years or so ago, Aurélio Buarque de Hollanda Ferreira and I were strolling along Copacabana Beach deep in animated conversation. It was late, and we had already said good-night more than once. By the time we actually parted, we had decided to collaborate on an anthology of short stories from all over the world.

I had met my companion soon after my arrival in Brazil in 1941. Editor of the magazine *Revista do Brasil*, he was possessed by a strange mania for straightening out the contorted writing of others and had generously offered his help in making my hesitant Portuguese comprehensible. For a long time he checked everything I wrote—articles, translations, textbooks. The experience showed us that despite our differences of background and upbringing we had many intellectual tastes in common.

Aurélio's passion for Portuguese was manifested not only in the pain he suffered because of the crimes against it committed daily in newspapers and magazines, at the theater, and on the radio, but also in his anxious striving for perfection in everything he wrote. An exceptional instinct for language, refined by assiduous study, had won him a reputation as a peerless editor. Many famous writers, aware of his competence and integrity, gave him their books "for a quick look" before sending them to the publisher; and from these quick looks, which took up most of his time and hampered his own production, the originals emerged free of blemishes and often better all around. Hence to this day Aurélio's bibliography lists mostly prefaces, critiques on the work of others, and a great many books prepared under his supervision, among them the latest edition of the renowned *Pequeno Dicionário Brasileiro da Língua Portuguesa*. But his literary talent, proved by his volume of short stories *Dois Mundos* (Two Worlds), saved him from the arid philologism to which language specialists are prone. He was the collaborator I had dreamed of.

For my part, I brought to the venture a knowledge of several European languages and their literature and a curiosity equal to my friend's. Both teachers, we wanted to produce a work useful as well as pleasing.

Here we were, then, compiling an anthology—a couple of dozen of the best works in the short-story field, a matter of some three hundred pages, which we could finish in six months and which might even make us some money.

Our first problem arose when we tried to settle on the contents. How should we arrange the stories? After an examination of various solutions, the chronological seemed to us the best. Thus merely taking the stories in order would give an idea of how the genre evolved.

Well, but what period should we start with? At first we thought of the short story as a modern genre, dating from the nineteenth century. But then we recalled earlier narratives that could hardly be excluded from the short-story category, though labeled something else. Weren't Voltaire's "romances" short stories? And Boccaccio's *novellas*? And the "little flowers" of St. Francis of Assisi? And the *exempla* of the Middle Ages? The Christian tradition reminded us of the Hebrew: the moral tales inserted in the Talmud, the parables of the New Testament, the symbolic fables of the Old. And how could we leave out the rich literary flowering of Buddhism and Brahmanism? Then it occurred to us to go back to Greco-Latin antiquity. Surely one of the most beautiful stories in the world was the episode of Cupid and Psyche from the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, containing hundreds of elements common to Indo-European folklore. The Greeks, without calling them short stories, wrote them; some of the dialogues and narratives in Lucian overlapped certain passages of old Herodotus, who in his "history" mixed fact and legend. Thus, dipping further and further into the past, we arrived logically at the papyrus found in a pyramid whose hieroglyphs revealed to the patient Egyptologists the first known short story.

Convinced therefore that the evolution of the modern short story could not be shown without a look at its

predecessors, we included a variety of brief prose works that conceivably helped to make the short story what it is today. In the preface we would not only explain our criterion but also enumerate and define all the names by which such compositions have been known. This was necessary because a comparison of terminology in various languages revealed strange confusion. To take just one example, the word *novel*, of Italian origin, at first meant a brief tale, sometimes a half-page anecdote; nowadays it designates in German and French a story of any kind, in Hungarian a long story, in Spanish and English a full-length book.

At that point we grew dismayed. What at first glance seemed a pleasant pastime for a few months was becoming the task of several years. But we had invested too much enthusiasm to back out now.

Returning to modern times, we found that within the apparent unity of the genre there was almost limitless variety. Besides the principal types (the fantastic, the realistic, the humorous, the naturalistic, the whimsical, the symbolic, the detective story, and so on), there were sub-genres created by individual writers: Strindberg's "historical miniature," Marcel Schwob's "imaginary biography," Villiers de l'Isle Adam's "cruel story," Max Jacob's "censored letters," Tolstoy's "stories for the



people," some of Baudelaire's "poems in prose," Thomas Hardy's "little ironies of life," Verga's "rustic tales," Multatuli's parables, Wilde's fairy tales, O. Henry's surprise-ending stories, and so on.

Such unexpected wealth convinced us that we could not limit ourselves to merely reproducing texts. Each story must have an introductory note clarifying the author's outlook, purpose, and technique and giving a brief idea of his other work. How could anyone unacquainted with the gay and libidinous spirit of the Renaissance comprehend the licentiousness of Margaret of Navarre, a queen, in her *Heptameron*? The introductory notes could show how the various literatures embroider on what are after all only a limited number of themes, in forms ranging from the most primitive to the most sophisticated. The story of Rip van Winkle, as told by Washington Irving, would be even more interesting to the reader who knew of the long series of elaborations Jewish and Christian writers had made on the same theme throughout the Middle Ages.

Similarly, the variety of ages and countries from which

the stories came imposed on us a multiplicity of footnotes. So diverse were the customs dealt with, so many the allusions to the mythology and history of remote peoples, that it was indispensable to explain them. What ordinary reader knows that the stepfather of Cupid was Mars? That the oldest bridge in Paris is called the Pont-Neuf? That in the old Russian spelling there were two letters, *ie* and *iat*, for the same sound and that only highly educated men knew how to use them correctly? That the word *crystallization* had a special meaning in Stendhal's terminology of love? That a *pistole* was a gold coin worth ten francs? That Tortoni was the name of a



famous Paris café of a century and a half ago? That, according to legend, the waters of the Pactolus River in Lydia were laden with gold dust? Well, such snippets of fact were necessary for perfect understanding of the stories; we had to furnish them.

By now we could see that the work would never fit into one volume or even two; we hardly dared set a figure. We still had no title. We came across it by chance in our reading, in the title of one of the world's oldest anthologies—the *Kathāsaritśāgara*, a Sanskrit word that in C. H. Tawney's English translation is rendered as *Ocean of Streams of Story*. The analogy made by Somaveda, the Hindu who compiled it, seemed perfect to us: the stories were just like waves on a sea fed by countless rivers originating in the most diverse countries, many in hidden sources; a sea that links the peoples on its shores, blending their voices and traditions, helping them to trade their products.

The title *Mar de Histórias* also suited our personal case. The more we progressed, the more we lost the notion of boundaries; we discovered islands and unexpected new lands, and none marked the end of the voyage. There was adventure enough in picking out the most interesting story or two in twenty volumes of Pirandello or Maupassant, and the most modern, piquant page of Boccaccio; but our excitement reached fever pitch when we uncovered the masterpiece of a forgotten author, unknown to anthologies and literary histories. With what joy we added to our collection an episode from the *Book of the Parrot*, a precious repository of Persian fantasies, or a page of Otto Melander, a German who wrote in Latin, even more forgotten than the sly and licentious Poggio Bracciolini! With what impatient curiosity we perused *Calila e Dimna*, a Spanish translation of medieval Arabic wisdom, or the *Golden Legend*! What marvels were



assembled in the *Panchatantra*! How great and pure a writer was the Chinese Pu-Sung-Li! How rewarding it was to unearth a Morier or a Gérard de Nerval!

Often, it is true, the pleasure of discovery was a natural consequence of our ignorance. Only someone as uninformed about Spanish American literature as we were could have missed hearing of so charming a genre writer as the Peruvian Ricardo Palma or so sure and cruel a naturalistic writer as the Uruguayan Horacio Quiroga. But in the same way that we were curing such ignorance, our future reader would fill in his own literary gaps, delighting in Bandello's novellas like Shakespeare before him or enjoying the ferocious satire of Quevedo.

After countless modifications over the years, we established this plan: the first six volumes would include all but Latin America and Portugal; the seventh would be devoted to stories from Portugal, of understandable interest in Brazil; the eighth to Spanish America. The last two would give the Brazilian reader a choice of the best examples of his own literature.

The first volume came out in 1945, the second in 1951; the third has gone to press; the fourth will be sent to the publisher toward the end of this year. Judging by these dates, it seems likely that the work will be finished around 1980 or 1990, and, what is worse, will come out posthumously. True, much of the translation on volumes five and six is done, and the tables of contents for volumes seven, nine, and ten are almost complete. Let us, therefore, hope.

Before starting out, we of course examined more or less similar works, especially those done in the United States, England, and France. In all these countries the editors' job is easier than ours. Almost always they need merely select foreign stories from directly translated volumes. Short stories by Dostoevsky, Maupassant, or Björnson are taken from expertly translated Complete Works of Dostoevsky, Maupassant, or Björnson. In Portuguese, for all practical purposes, direct translations only exist from English and French, and they are not always trustworthy.

So we could not confine ourselves to the role of selectors; we sometimes had to become translators as well. Languages one or the other of us knew (Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, English, German, Russian, and Hungarian) we translated ourselves. In the case of those neither of us knew, we had to call upon third parties—in general, friends or acquaintances born in the countries where these languages were spoken and who, not being writers, made literal translations which we afterward put into literary Portuguese; they would often clarify, in writing or orally, the meaning of passages that might raise doubts. (Such stories were first chosen by us on the basis of *résumés* supplied by these helpers or of translations into other languages, which also served as controls.) Thus we obtained direct translations from Hebrew, Turkish, Lithuanian, Polish, Slovene, Czech, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Dutch.

Already existing Portuguese translations were used only in exceptional cases, when they were by authors of

proven competence and honesty: for example, the classic version of the *Panchatantra* by the erudite Sanskritologist Monsignor Sebastião Dalgado or the *Contos Romanos* so skillfully chosen by Victor Buescu, professor of Roumanian in Lisbon. In the same way, we resorted only rarely to intermediary translations, when they deserved our entire confidence: the Egyptian stories interpreted by Maspero, those of Chinese Buddhism by Edouard Chavannes, those of the *Thousand and One Nights* by E. W. Lane. Whenever possible, we compare the translation with a version in another language; the few times we have been unable to get the original we used two intermediary translations—for example, in the case of Andreev's *Grand Slam*, the English and the German. We consider it a good practice to list all the bibliographical data concerning the original texts and to give our collaborators full credit.

Our slow progress is explained in part by caution in the choice of the original text, care in the preparation of translations, numerous revisions before and after the type has been set. Another factor has been the difficulty of finding certain texts, especially during the war. We had to go across the bay to Paquetá Island to unearth the tales of Andersen in Danish, for example, and only after a patient ten-year wait did we accidentally discover the German original of Schnitzler's *Leutnant Gustl* in a secondhand store.

Tiring as it was, organization was less complicated than translation. The difficulties there would wear out a larger team than ours, and could fill a volume of memoirs.

One was translating passages written in verse. A number of stories include poetry fragments or whole poems, which it seemed proper to preserve in verse form. Mimi Pinson's song is an integral part of Musset's story; Perrault makes a point of putting the moral of *Bluebeard* in verse; in one of the *Stories of God*, Rilke quotes verses by Lorenzo de Medici. But a translator of poetry, however humble, is as much in need of inspiration as the original poet; it was necessary to wait till it came along. The delightful stories in the *Book of the Parrot* were written in rhymed prose: an equivalent form had to be invented in Portuguese. The characters in Cervantes' *Rinconete e Cortadillo* spoke not the Spanish of the sixteenth century but the slang: how was it to be deciphered? No dictionary contains all the words in the Russian language, but how much worse the thing became when the character was a madman who talks to dogs, mixing the everyday language with words of his own invention, as in a story by Gogol. And what of the alliterations of Apuleius, so lovely in Latin, so odd in Portuguese? And the Provençalisms of Daudet? And Kipling's allusions to the minutiae of colonial administration in India? So many stories, or rather so many pages, so many problems, some solved only after innumerable revisions, some still awaiting a second edition.

A second edition—here we come to another problem. Published by José Olympio, who has handled and in some cases inspired the most important works of modern Brazilian literature, *Mar de Histórias* is in good hands. But by the time each new volume comes out, the previous

one is out of print. Between two volumes stretch five years, time enough for the public to have forgotten the last and whatever critical success it may have had. But our publisher and friend insists on not publishing a second edition until the entire work is finished. This is his way—and we cannot quarrel with it—of stimulating us to quicker completion than our present rate of progress hints at. When the ten volumes are finished, they are to be put out in a large edition for sale on the installment plan, the only really lucrative form of book-selling in Brazil.

On that distant day the authors will receive recompense proportionate to their labors. Meantime, the returns on the small printings barely cover the cost of reference works and the payment of outside helpers. But in twelve years *Mar de Histórias* has become part of our daily lives; and in the rare moments when we glimpse the end of the enormous task, and the ten volumes lined up bravely on the shelf, we feel something akin to melancholy. ♦ ♦ ♦

## BOOK NOTES

**BROWN GOLD: THE AMAZING STORY OF COFFEE**, by Andrés Uribe C., with an introduction by David E. Lilienthal. New York, Random House, 1955. 237 p. Illus. \$5.00

The last word on the subject of coffee. No one seeking general information about it need look anywhere else, and no one will have to write another book on it for a long time (except, perhaps, as Mr. Lilienthal hints in his introduction, to present the other side of the picture; but in fact, as Mr. Lilienthal adds hastily, the author does not allow his position as a representative of the Colombian coffee industry to distort his outlook seriously). The

*Latticework of sticks is used in Brazil to shade infant coffee trees from tropical sun. Illustration from Brown Gold*



book is aimed specifically at a U.S. audience—which ought to be fairly large, considering that the country consumes a hundred billion cups a year—but the material would be of interest to all who have ever drunk the stuff. Mr. Uribe starts with a history of coffee from its Near Eastern beginnings, and ends with a whole chapter devoted to recipes of varying quality; in between, he takes up the place of coffee in U.S. life, the tropical belt where it is grown, two contrasting systems of coffee production—the Brazilian and the Colombian—the economic situation, how science enters the scene in the shape of chemistry and modern farming methods, and how coffee is marketed. He also contributes gratis a chapter on the Latin American economies in general and the problems they face. Member of a coffee-growing family and eight times president of the Pan-American Coffee Bureau (a trade association) in New York, among other qualifications, Mr. Uribe is certainly equipped to speak with authority. Color and black-and-white photographs are sprinkled lavishly through the book. The chapter on Colombia appeared in condensed form in the December 1954 issue of *AMERICAS*.

**O'HIGGINS AND DON BERNARDO**, by Edna Deu Pree Nelson. New York. E. P. Dutton and Company, 1954. 384 p. \$4.50

A popularized—if that is not too weak a word—biography of Ambrosio O'Higgins, the poor Irish boy who became Viceroy of Peru; and his more famous son, Bernardo, the leader of Chilean independence. Having chosen herself a pair of good meaty subjects, Mrs. Nelson straightway falls into the amateur's trap of seeing no evil, or even humanity, in them and of setting their adventures in Ruritania. Surely the lives of these two need no dressing up. The elder *did* start out as Ambrose Higgins, a peddler in Andean villages (he later went to vast trouble to prove his right to the aristocratic O'); *did* serve the Spanish King so devotedly that he rose to lieutenant colonel, then colonel, then governor of Chile; *did* leave an impressive record behind him when he was promoted to ruler of Spain's most glittering colony; *did* rack up equally notable accomplishments as viceroy and win a place in Spanish nobility. Similarly, Bernardo *did* lead Chile to freedom; *did* try to establish a liberal government far ahead of its time; *did* face opposition and fail tragically to achieve stability for the new country. But can Ambrose ever really have looked misty-eyed into the sunset and murmured (chin quivering, no doubt) that he wanted nothing for himself, only an opportunity to serve his people? And if he had been so pompous as to do so, would a man like George Vancouver really have been moved—particularly since O'Higgins had just finished retailing the honors the king had bestowed on him? Can Bernardo really have been the only pure heart in a company of fools and traitors? Among the latter was everybody who ever had a difference of opinion with him, and the former, we are led to believe, included San Martín and Bolívar. Mrs. Nelson's style is lame, and the absence of maps makes her account of battles doubly difficult to follow.—B. W.

## EMBASSY ROW



**The Baróns** keep a motor boat on Chesapeake Bay, where Mrs. Barón and fifteen-year-old Catalina can indulge their enthusiasm for swimming and fishing. As for the piano, Catalina says she only "plays at it" from time to time, though she is fond of music.

**Mrs. Barón**, the former Catherine Shea, considers herself a Washingtonian, since she was a very small child when her family moved to the capital from Pennsylvania. She married the Minister soon after taking her degree in home economics from George Washington University. Her interests range from books and the theater through gardening to antiques. This demitasse cup inherited from her grandmother is one of her prize possessions.



**Minister José T. Barón**, Interim Representative of Cuba on the OAS Council, feels as much at home in the United States capital as in his native Havana, for he has been stationed there since 1919. After graduation from the law school of the University of Havana, he entered the diplomatic service and was appointed Second Secretary of the Legation in Panama. Two years later, he came to the Washington Embassy in the same capacity. He stayed for thirty years, rising to Minister Counselor and frequently serving as *Chargé d'Affaires*. In 1949 he was named Cuban Alternate Representative to the OAS.



**Dr. Barón and his daughter Catalina.** A student at Georgetown Visitation Convent, Catalina is currently following up an interest in dramatics by playing the role of Jane in a school production of *Pride and Prejudice*.



# Know Your Colonial Neighbors?

## Part 1

(Answers on page 37)

Each of the capital cities in the right-hand column below belongs to one of the colonial possessions in the other column. Can you match each capital with its proper territory and designate whether the mother country is Great Britain, France, The Netherlands, or the U.S.A.?

ARUBA	1. GEORGE TOWN
ST. LUCIA	2. KINGSTON
VIRGIN ISLANDS	3. WILLEMSTAD
ST. MAARTEN	4. CHARLOTTE AMALIE
NEVIS	5. PHILIPSBURG
SONAIRE	6. CHARLESTOWN
GUADELOUPE	7. PLYMOUTH
ST. VINCENT	8. ORANJESTAD
JAMAICA	9. SAINT JOHNS
CAYMAN ISLANDS	10. BASSE-TERRE
CURACAO	11. ROSEAU
MONTERRAT	12. CASTRIES
ANTIGUA	13. KRALENDIJK
DOMINICA	14. KINGSTOWN

## GRAPHICS CREDITS

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

- 1 F. Adelhardt
- 5 Nos. 1 and 2, Julian A. Weston—No. 3, courtesy Omar Dengo
- 6 Nos. 1, 3, 4, Julian A. Weston—No. 2, Foto Aubert
- 12 Courtesy American Republic Line
- 13 Enrique Herrera
- 14 No. 1, courtesy Pan American World Airways
- 15 Scott Seegers (2)
- 16 Vincent de Pascal
- 18 Courtesy Juan Orrego Salas
- 19 Courtesy Ballet Theatre Foundation
- 20 Courtesy Ballet Theatre Foundation—Jesús Rey
- 21 Courtesy Juan Orrego Salas
- 26, 27 Courtesy U.S. Coast Guard
- 28 Nos. 1 and 3, Curtis M. Wilson—No. 2, courtesy California Academy of Science
- 29, 30 Curtis M. Wilson
- 31 Nos. 1, 3, 4, F. Adelhardt—No. 2, courtesy International University of the Air—No. 5, Carlo A. Maggi
- 33 Nos. 1, 2, 4, A. Zorrilla—Nos. 3 and 5, F. Adelhardt
- 38, 39 Leroy Preudhomme
- 42 A. Zorrilla (4)

# The OAS on the air

RADIO LISTENERS in places so far from Washington as Bahia, Brazil, and Concepción, Chile, can now pick up news of the OAS direct over their loudspeakers, thanks to the Organization's expanding activities in broadcasting. Accounts of events like the recent OAS settlement of the Nicaragua-Costa Rica dispute are beamed from the powerful short-wave transmitters of stations like WRUL of the Worldwide Broadcasting System in Boston and KGEI, the General Electric station at San Francisco. UN and Voice of America stations carry OAS news to all the world.

For U.S. consumption alone, the Pan American Union writes, produces, directs, and disseminates some 520 radio shows each year. Most are recorded on tape as public service features. The activities of the Latin American nations are carried in word and music to every corner of the country over the stations of the American Broadcasting Company, the Rural Network, and the Union Broadcasting System, and via a number of independents.

Television is another U.S. outlet. Many live shows originate from OAS headquarters. Frequently, distinguished members of the staff appear as guests on panel shows over local and national hook-ups.

The tape shows are turned out and the live broadcasts arranged by Demetrio A. Cabarga (better known to thousands of U.S. listeners as Alberto Pla) and Bill Cerri from their broadcasting booth deep in the Pan American Union building. Their Nicaraguan assistant, Olga Moreira, chooses the music that wafts you from your armchair to Havana or the Argentine. Cuban-born Mr. Cabarga is a veteran of WOSU at Columbus, Ohio, which has been broadcasting Spanish courses since 1926, longer than any other U.S. station. As a Spanish professor at Ohio State, he worked for nine years from in front of a microphone as well as from back of a desk in the classroom.

Bill Cerri, a native of Utica, New York, got his start in an announcing job at WGAT, a local station. After more than three years' experience in everything from disc-jockeying to sportscasting, he came to Washington in 1950 with the now defunct Continental FM Network. Mr. Cerri is most familiar to U.S. listeners as narrator and announcer for the PAU concert programs.

Every Saturday and Sunday a PAU production, "Pan American Party," is broadcast coast to coast over ABC. For the schedule, refer to your local listings. If you live in New York or New England, you can hear the shows carried by the fourteen stations of the Rural Network during its broadcasting season and by the twenty-two transmitters of the Union Broadcasting System throughout the year. PAU programs are also heard locally in and around New Orleans, Louisiana; Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; Phoenix, Arizona; San Antonio, Texas; Pasadena, California; and Washington, D.C.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### NOBODY HERE BUT US AMERICANS

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for publishing my letter on the use of the term "American" versus "North American" (AMERICAS, December 1954) and for your explanation of the problematical name for U.S. citizens. Now in the March Spanish issue (February English) I see an "American" friend's remarks on the subject. I honestly didn't expect to be criticized for seeking an explanation, in view of the well-known Monroe Doctrine: "America for the Americans."

Well and good, but what do we settle for? Monroe was "American." What did he think?

My "American" friend didn't understand me. It is not a "meaningless argument"—far from it. We know very well that there are people who take advantage of the most insignificant misunderstandings to divide us. Why shouldn't we try to clear up these matters? I still think a correction of that ill-used term wouldn't do us any harm.

José M. Debanne  
Córdoba, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

In the letter in the March issue (Spanish) that raises the question "Who are Americans?" the writer's argument is illogical and displays a misguided nationalism. All of us who live in North, Central, and South America are Americans with a capital A. I realize that the citizens of Brazil call themselves Brazilians, those of Canada, Canadians, but it is also true that the citizens of France are called Frenchmen and do not thereby cease to be Europeans.

When President Monroe proclaimed his doctrine of "America for the Americans," he was not referring to North America alone, but to the whole continent. Nor did he refer only to the people of his own country. To borrow the words of your correspondent, "whatever the apparent logic of the argument, at this late stage of history" *American* does not mean a citizen of the United States but an inhabitant of America and nothing more, just as the continent in which we live is called America and not North America or the United States.

Luis María Agüero  
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

"Whatever the apparent logic of the argument," an Illinois reader wrote, "at this late stage of history American means a citizen of the U.S.A. and nothing else." In this connection I would like to ask whether you could please clarify a doubt that bothers me considerably. Does "America for the Americans" mean exclusively "America for the citizens of the United States of America and nothing more?"

Juan Amezcua  
Lima, Peru

### A GIFT FROM BRAZIL

Dear Sirs:

On April 22 a statue of José Bonifácio de Andrada e Silva, the Patriarch of Brazilian Independence, was dedicated in Bryant Park at the southeast corner of the Avenue of the Americas and Forty-second Street. The gift of Brazil to the City of New York, it was officially presented to the mayor by Ambassador João Carlos Muniz. It is the work of the Brazilian sculptor José Otavio Correia Lima, and the figure is of heroic size, standing nine feet tall. Its plaza was created through a gift of sixty thousand dollars from the Republic of Brazil to the Avenue of the Americas Association.

Millard Henlein  
New York, N.Y.

### COVER UP

Dear Sirs:

I have noted beautiful, scenic, full-page photographs in recent editions of AMERICAS and have regretted that such pictures were not used as the cover for the magazine, rather than the "com-

mercial type" cover, showing movie stars and toy companies. Some of the fine art pictures, such as the pen-and-ink drawing on the inside front cover of the December 1954 AMERICAS, would have been much more in harmony with the splendid contents.

Pearl S. Peabody  
Anchorage, Alaska

### AU REVOIR

Dear Sirs:

Inasmuch as I am contemplating a summer cruise in June to the Caribbean and spending about a week visiting both Haiti and the Dominican Republic, I am desirous of obtaining all information relative to entry requirements for visiting these countries.

My current source of information, the local public library, contains the 1945 Pan American Yearbook, which states that a visad passport, vaccination, and certificate of health are prerequisite for tourists entering either country. I thought it prudent to check with you in the event that there had been a subsequent change in consular regulations since that date.

Robert W. Pickett  
Warren, Pennsylvania

*The Dominican Republic requires a tourist card, issued by your transportation company on payment of two dollars. This is valid for fifteen days and may be extended for an additional fifteen. Haiti requires a tourist card costing one dollar (issued on arrival), which is valid for thirty days but can be extended for an additional thirty. Haiti also requires a health certificate and a smallpox vaccination certificate.*

### MAIL BAG

The following correspondents, in search of pen pals throughout the Hemisphere, have asked AMERICAS to publish their names and addresses. Readers requesting this service must print their names and addresses clearly and state at least two language preferences. These are shown below by the initials after the name. Those who are students are asked to say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk after the name.

Walter Santi (E, S, F, Italian)  
5001 West Van Buren Street  
Chicago 44, Illinois

Linda Harty (E, S)—H  
256 19th Place  
Clinton, Iowa

Eugene M. Oberlin (E, S)  
6337 South Honore Street  
Chicago, Illinois

Nancy Nelson (E, S)—H  
706 Melrose Court  
Clinton, Iowa

Luis F. Costa, Jr. (E, S, P, F)\*  
Rua Universidade 31 - V. Isabel  
Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Marie Hartmann (E, S)  
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Viamonte 3071  
Rosario, Santa Fe, Argentina

Oscar Bjork (E, S)  
103 West 4th Street  
Los Angeles, California

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(E, German, Flemish, Latin)  
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Indianapolis 1, Indiana

Anne Bojko (E, S)  
10 South Main Street  
Abbeville, South Carolina

Idilia Garay (E, S)  
Mendoza 3653  
Santa Fe, Argentina

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Jorge García Rueda (E, S, P, F)  
Departamento de Relaciones  
Industriales  
Compañía de Petróleo Shell, Casabe  
Barrancabermeja, Colombia

Judy Weber (E, S)—H  
1005 North 2nd Street  
Clinton, Iowa

William Vargas Vindas (E, S)  
Apartado 832  
San José, Costa Rica

### CLARIFICATION

In last month's "Dear Reader" column, by Dr. José T. Barón, Interim Representative of Cuba on the OAS Council, the Spanish phrase *convivencia internacional* (literally "international living together," but always a problem for translators) was rendered as "international coexistence." Because of the political connotations that expression has taken on, Dr. Barón points out, "international friendship" better conveys what he had in mind.

## CONTRIBUTORS

RUTH B. BLANDFORD gathered the material for "The Women's Vote in Costa Rica" while on a trip through Latin America with her husband, a public-administration expert who was on a mission for the OAS. Missouri-born Mrs. Blandford is a graduate of the Columbia University School of Journalism. She has also been a reporter for the old *New York Telegram* and director of publicity for the National League of Women Voters. A free-lance writer since her marriage, she has lived abroad much of the last nine years in China, Greece, and the Middle East while keeping a home on the Potomac River near Washington.



"Though I have had the privilege of interviewing archbishops and others in high places," says JOHN M. HENNESSY, "I enjoy most of all publicizing the little-known personalities who are doing the greatest work with the least fanfare." He considers Pedro Vázquez, the "Pullman Parson," one of these. An Episcopal clergyman himself, Mr. Hennessy left parish work over a year ago to travel, lecture, and write. His trips have taken him through the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Europe, and Mexico.

Today he is back in harness again as assistant to the director of The St. Francis Boys' Homes in Salina, Bavaria, and Ellsworth, Kansas, and is the Homes' publicity chairman.



ULISES PETIT DE MURAT, who wrote "Hub of the Argentine," is a prize-winning novelist and poet and a well-known movie writer and director in Argentina, Mexico, and Spain. Born in Buenos Aires in 1907, he took part in the Martín Fierro literary movement, which he calls "the most earth-shaking in Argentine letters." With Jorge Luis Borges, the distinguished writer and editor, he directed the literary supplement of the newspaper *Crítica* for five years.

Mr. Petit de Murat won the City of Buenos Aires Poetry Prize for his work *Las Islas*, and his novel *El Balcón Hacia la Muerte* (The Balcony Looking Out on Death) took top honors during the triennium 1942-43-44 for the National Prize, Argentina's highest literary award. Its characters are victims of tuberculosis, an affliction which the author himself overcame. He now lives in Mexico City.

"The Dog and the Shadow" is one of the short stories by the distinguished Paraguayan novelist and playwright AUGUSTO ROA BASTOS that will soon appear in a volume published by Losada

in Buenos Aires. Mr. Roa Bastos, former editor of the *Asunción* daily *El País*, is the author of another book of short stories, *El Trueno entre las Hojas* (Thunder Between the Leaves). Now living in Argentina, he will leave soon on a lecture tour through various Latin American countries and the United States. Illustrations for his story are by the young Mexican artist ENRIQUE ECHEVERRÍA, who is of Basque descent. Now thirty, he was self-taught until the age of twenty-two, when he went to Spain to study.



One of Chile's outstanding young serious composers, JUAN ORREGO SALAS, discusses a colleague in "Aaron Copland's Vision of America." Thirty-six-year-old Mr. Orrego Salas, whose compositions are widely played in the United States, Europe, and Chile, was born in Santiago and planned to be an architect, a field he abandoned in favor of music. With the help of Rockefeller and Guggenheim scholarships he has studied in the United States under Copland, Paul Henry Lang, George Herzog, and Randall Thompson. A number of Mr. Orrego Salas' works have been commissioned by U.S. musical organizations like the Louisville Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center.



Through the courtesy of the Twelfth United States Coast Guard District at San Francisco, Nebraskan CURTIS M. WILSON paid a visit to the almost inaccessible, fogbound islands he writes about in "The Treacherous Farallones." A specialist in geography—he has Ph.D.'s in that subject, in history, and in secondary education—who has served on the faculties of many colleges, Dr. Wilson has also been book review editor of the *Ohio Journal of Science* and a contributor to many technical publications. He's working now on two articles, "Guatemala—Land of the Quetzal" and "Red China: A Study in Geopolitics." He lives in California, where he takes time off from work to enjoy his hobbies of hiking, photography, and music. Next fall, he will join the faculty of Hartnell College at Salinas, California.

In the book section, Hungarian-born PAULO RÓNAI, now a naturalized Brazilian, who has done much to introduce his adopted country's literature abroad, describes the trials and tribulations of compiling a ten-volume anthology of short stories from all over the world.

The Organization of American States is made up of 21 American nations—Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela. Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile is Secretary General; Dr. William Manger of the United States is Assistant Secretary General.

The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

The Pan American Union not only acts as General Secretariat of the Organization, but also carries out many projects of international cooperation in the juridical, economic, social, and cultural fields within the spheres of the respective Councils. The General Secretariat helps in preparations for the Inter-American Conferences, acts as custodian of their documents and archives, serves as depository of instruments of ratification of inter-American agreements, and reports to the Council on the activities of the Organization. Besides *AMERICAS*, a monthly magazine on inter-American affairs, the Pan American Union also publishes the *Annals of the Organization of American States*, an official quarterly which records the documents of the Inter-American Conferences, the Meetings of Consultation, Council, and the other agencies of the Organization; the quarterly *Panorama*, which republishes in full, and in their original languages, outstanding articles from newspapers and magazines; and the *Inter-American Review of Bibliography*.



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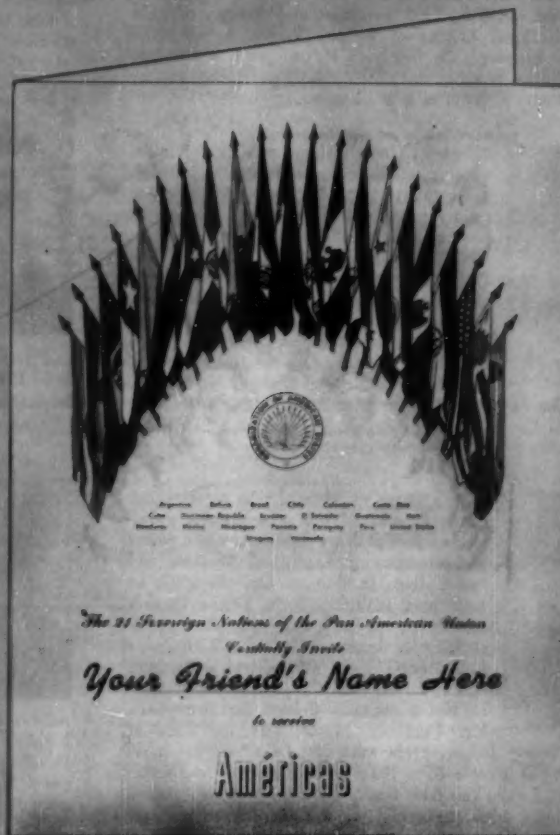
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